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REVIEWS

The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tales, for the Wise and Waggish; to which are added, Poetical Selections. By the late Paul Chatfield, M.D. Edited by Jefferson Saunders, Esq. 2 vols. Whittaker & Co.

We surmise, that the author of these two *odd* volumes, like Collins's *Fear*, has started back "even at the sounds himself has made"—that having indulged, from time to time, in "crude notions and fanciful theories," book born and leisure nursed, he has wandered into strange epigrammatic turns, (*medium*-pointed perhaps, like the majority of Perryan Pens,) "terse sayings, antithetical phrases, and even puerile conceits;" and that, having so wandered, he has not dared to take upon himself the quaint responsibility, but has created a couple of gentlemen—a Dr. Paul Chatfield and a Mr. Timothy Harrison—"murdered them in the garden for their estate," and brought forward their strange relics as curiosities,—for the authenticity or rudeness of which he would be questionable only as the discoverer. Dr. Paul Chatfield, of whom a whole-length portrait is given as a frontispiece, is our author's *Jedediah Cleishbottom*—his Hobrab—his Peter Pattieson—his Old Mortality—as far as a worn white horse and a humane wandering go—but wanting, we fear, a breathing original. The Doctor travels, in a tim-whiskey, through the Wolds of Yorkshire, doing good physically to the poor, and at length settles at Harrowgate, where he establishes a Tea-party, over which he presides, and at which he commands attention by blowing a tin trumpet. He keeps a journal, and, under certain *heads*, he preserves the whimsical sayings and doings of the society, inserting the jokes of Mr. Timothy Harrison, (who is but Joe Miller, and not *very redivivus*,) as *tales* to the various matters. Hence the name of the book, 'The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tales.'

The author is somewhat too *liberal* in his political and religious opinions, but is evidently of a kind heart, a clear head, and earnest in his aspirations after good, and the happiness of his fellow creatures. Several of the Heads and Tales will startle the quiet reader with statements and paradoxes of a perplexing nature:—even sturdy reformers will not be prepared to go the whole length of the author's opinions; and, but for the under-current of kindliness, which runs beneath daring notions, audacious sentences, and caustic abuse of worldly forms, we apprehend the volumes would find but a limited number of readers, and certainly a much more limited allowance of admirers and approvers.

We shall here open the volume, for, as the Gardening Dictionary says, "The time is now arrived at which you should begin to *transplant*." The following sketch of an Alderman is in the imitative style of Hood's imitative style of Sir Thomas Overbury's tintinnabulary style of hammering out a character.

"*Alderman.*—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out. His shoulders, like some of the civic streets, are 'widened at the expense of the corporation.' He resembles Wolsey; not in ranking himself with princes, but in being a man 'of an unbounded stomach.' A tooth is the only wise thing in his head, and he has nothing particularly good about him except his digestion, which is an indispensable quality, since he is destined to become great by gormandizing, to masticate his way to the Mansion-house, and thus, like a mouse in a cheese, to provide for himself a large dwelling, by continually eating. His talent is in his jaws; and like a miller, the more he grinds the more he gets. From the quantity he devours, it might be supposed that he had two stomachs, like a cow, were it not manifest that he is no ruminating animal."

"The Bar" is pleasantly handled. "That is *our* case!"—

"*Bar.*—Independence of the.—Like a ghost—a thing much talked of and seldom seen. If a barrister possess any professional or moral independence, it cannot be worth much, for a few guineas will generally purchase it. It must be confessed, that he is singularly independent of all those scruples which operate upon the consciences of other men. Right and wrong, truth or falsehood, morality or profligacy, are all equally indifferent to him. Dealing in law, not justice, his brief is his bible, the ten guineas of his retaining fee are his decalogue: his glory, like that of a cookmaid, consists in wearing a silk gown, and his heaven is in a Judge's wig. Head, heart, conscience, body and soul, all are for sale: the forensic bravo stands to be hired by the highest bidder, ready to attack those whom he has just defended, or defend those whom he has just attacked, according to the orders he may receive from his temporary master. Looking to the favour of the Judge for favour with their clients, and to the government for professional promotion, barristers have too often been the abject lickspittles of the one, and the supple tools of the other.

"M. de la B——, a French gentleman, seems to have formed a very correct notion of the independence of the bar. Having invited several friends to dine on a *maigre* day, his servant brought him word, that there was only a single salmon left in the market, which he had not dared to bring away, because it had been bespoken by a barrister.—'Here,' said his master, putting two or three pieces of gold into his hand, 'Go back directly, and buy me the barrister and the salmon too.'"

And again, on the same subject:—

"'Does not a barrister's affected warmth, and habitual dissimulation, impair his honesty?' asked Boswell of Dr. Johnson.—'Is there not some danger that he may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?'—'Why no, Sir,' replied the Doctor. 'A man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to do so when he should walk on his feet.' Perhaps not; but how are we to respect the forensic tumbler, who will walk upon his hands, and perform the most ignoble antics for a paltry fee?

"All briefless barristers will please to consider themselves excepted from the previous censure, for I should be really sorry to speak ill of any man *without a cause*."

The following specimen of the bathos, is elaborate, but *deeply* amusing:—

"*Bathos.*—Sinking when you mean to rise. The waxen wings of Icarus, which, instead of making him master of the air, plunged him into the water, were a practical bathos. So was the miserable imitation of the Thunderer by Salmoneus, which, instead of giving him a place among the Gods, consigned him to the regions below.

"Of the written bathos, an amusing instance is afforded in the published tour of a lady, who has attained some celebrity in literature. Describing a storm to which she was exposed, when crossing in the steam-boat from Dover to Calais, her ladyship says,—'In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane, that it was not without great difficulty I could—hold up my parasol!'"

Our dear Dr. Dibdin, of facetious fame, will be amused with the following:—

"Rabelais said, that all the bad books ought to be bought, because they would not be reprinted; a hint which has not been thrown away upon our Bibliomanians, who seem to forget that, since the invention of printing, no good book has ever become scarce."

The Catachresis is well worked out in our author's illustrations:—

"The following string of Catachreses is versified, with some additions and embellishments, from a sermon of an ignorant field-preacher:—

Staying his hand, which like a hammer,
Had thump'd and bump'd his anvil-book,
And waving it to still the clamour,
The tub-man took a loftier look,
And thus, condensing all his powers,
Scatter'd his oratoric flowers.—
"What, will ye still, ye heathen, flee,
From sanctity and grace,
Until your blind idolatry
Shall stare ye in the face?
Will ye throw off the mask, and show
Thereby the cloven foot below?—
Do—but remember, ye must pay
What's due to ye on settling day!
Justice's eye, it stands to sense,
Can never stomach such transgressions,
Nor can the hand of Providence
Wink at your impious expressions.
The infidel thinks vengeance dead,
And in his fancied safety chuckles,
But atheism's Hydra head
Shall have a rap upon the knuckles!"

Under the head of "Club," we find a pungent sketch:—

"*Husband.* The club—a taste for French cooks, expensive wines, and sensual luxuries—fastidious epicurism—a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station—confirmed absenteeism and clubbism—hatred of the wife, who reproaches him for his selfish desertion—late hours—estrangement—profligacy—misery!

"*Wife.* Natural resentment of neglect—reproaches—altercations—diminution of conjugal affection—dissipation, as a resource against the dullness of home—expensive habits—embarrassment—total alienation of heart—dangerous connections—infidelity—misery!

"Of this account current the items may vary, either in quality or sequence, but the alpha and omega will ever be the same. It will begin with the club, and end with misery."

We have a dangerous explanation of a portion of our author's title:—

"*Head.*—A bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging a hat on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff box or a chatterbox—as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine—as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections—for anything, in short, but brains."

The author must, of course, be heard on "jokes":—

"*Jokes.*—The cayenne of conversation, and the salt of life. 'A joke's prosperity,' says Shakspeare, 'lies in the ear of the hearer;' and indeed it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to pronounce whether it be a good one or a bad one, risibly speaking, for a *bon mot* may be too witty to be pleasant, or at least to elicit laughter; while a poor pleasantry, by the help of some ludicrous turn, or expression, or association of ideas, may provoke cachinnation, *à gorge déployée*. Nay, there are cases, in which a joke becomes positively good from its being so intolerably bad, and is applauded, in the inverse ratio of its merit, as the greatest honours are sometimes showered upon men who have the least honour. The admira-

tion excited by the highest order of wit is generally serious, because it sets us thinking. It was said of a crafty Israelite, who deserted the Hebrew faith, without embracing that of the Christians, and yet endeavoured to make both parties subservient to his selfish views, that he resembled the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither, and making a cover of both. No one would laugh at this; it is exactly that description of wit which has been defined, 'an unexpected association of apparently dissimilar ideas, exciting pleasure and surprise.' Lord Byron was once asked by a friend in the green room of Drury Lane theatre, whether he did not think Miss Kelly's acting in the 'Maid and the Magpie' exceedingly natural?—'I really cannot say, replied his lordship; 'I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon.' This is drolliery rather than wit, and excites our laughter, without claiming any portion of our admiration.

"One of our poets, a remarkably cadaverous-looking man, recited a poem, descriptive of a country walk, in which the following couplet occurred:

> The redbreast, with his furtive glance,
> Comes and looks at me askance;—

upon which a wag exclaimed—'Gad! if it had been a carrion-crow, he would have stared you full in the face;' a remark so humorous and unexpected, that it was received with an unanimous shout of laughter. Here the absurdity of the idea, if it did not amount to wit, was something better, or, at all events, more stimulative of the risible faculties."

But we must draw to a conclusion. We cannot, however, deny a place at our table to the author's pleasant muse:

"*Pic-nic*.—The most unpleasant of all parties of pleasure.

> If sick of home and luxuries,
> You want a new sensation,
> And sigh for the unwonted ease
> Of *un*accommodation,—
> If you would taste, as amateur,
> And vagabond beginner,
> The painful pleasures of the poor,
> Get up a Pic-nic dinner.
>
> Presto! 'tis done—away you start,
> All frolic, fun, and laughter,
> The servants and provision cart
> As gaily trotting after.
> The spot is reach'd, when all exclaim
> With many a joyous antic,
> "How sweet a scene!—I'm glad we came!
> How rural—how romantic!"
>
> Pity the night was wet!—but what
> Care gipsies and carousers?
> So down upon the swamp you squat
> In porous Nankeen trowsers.—
> Stick to what sticks to you—your seat,
> For thistles round you huddle,
> While nettles threaten legs and feet,
> If shifted from a puddle.
>
> Half starved with hunger—parch'd with thirst,
> All haste to spread the dishes,
> When lo! 'tis found, the ale has burst
> Amid the loaves and fishes.
> Over the pie, a sodden sop,
> The grasshoppers are skipping,
> Each roll's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
> And all the meat is dripping.—
>
> Bristling with broken glass, you find
> Some cakes among the bottles,
> Which those may eat who do not mind
> Excoriated throttles.
> The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
> When squalling voices utter,
> "Look! look! a toad has got astride
> Our only pat of butter!"
>
> Your solids in a liquid state,
> Your cooling liquids heated,
> And every promised joy by fate
> Most fatally defeated;
> All, save the serving men are sour'd,
> *They* smirk, the cunning sinners!
> Having, before they came, devoured
> Most comfortable dinners.
>
> Still you assume, in very spite,
> A grim and gloomy gladness,
> Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
> And scorn all show of sadness.—
> While thus you smile, but storm within,
> A storm without comes faster,
> And down descends in deaf'ning din
> A deluge of disaster.
>
> 'Tis *sauve qui peut*;—the fruit dessert
> Is fruitlessly deserted,
> And homeward now you all revert,
> Dull, desolate, and dirtied,
> Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
> His soaked and sullen brother,
> "If these are Pic-nic pleasantries,
> Preserve me from another!"

We select a few of the brief apophthegms:—

"*Appetite*.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like. * *

"*Audience*.—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes. * *

"*Bait*.—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second, for the amusement of a third. * *

"*Plagiarists*.—Purloiners, who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket. * *

"*Saw*.—A sort of dumb alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.—N.B. A bonâ-fide alderman is not one of the 'wise saws' mentioned by Shakspeare, at least in 'modern instances.' * *

"*Speculation*.—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter. * *

"*Tinder*.—A thin rag—such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match."

For any further information we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves. Joe Miller often suffers in our author's hands; but the two following pleasantries are not so *very* old, and the last of the pair, we are free to confess, "we never heard before"—*with the names*.

"Droll, though not very logical or conclusive was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Merrion-square, was advised by a passenger to betake himself home. 'Ah now, be aisy; I live in the square; isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, wont I pop into it in a jiffey?'"

"Between authors and artists there should be no jealousy, for their pursuits are congenial; one paints with a pen, the other writes with a brush; and yet it is difficult for either to be quite impartial, in weighing the merits of their different avocations. The author of the Pleasures of Hope, being at a dinner party with Mr. Turner, R.A., whose enthusiasm for his art led him to speak of it and of its professors as superior to all others, the bard rose, and after alluding with a mock gravity, to his friend's skill in varnishing painters as well as paintings, proposed the health of Mr. Turner, and the worshipful company of Painters and Glaziers. This, (to use the newspaper phrase) called up Mr. Turner, who with a similar solemnity, expressed his sense of the honour he had received, made some good-humoured allusions to blotters of foolscap, whose works were appropriately bound in calf; and concluded by proposing in return, the health of Mr. Campbell, and the worshipful company of Paper-stainers—a rejoinder that excited a general laugh, in which none joined more heartily than the poet himself."

There are some verses at the end of the second volume which are not *above par*. Poetry, however, as Fielding said, "is a difficult thing—a very difficult thing, Sir!"

The Backwoods of Canada: being Letters from the Wife of an Emigrant Officer, illustrative of the Domestic Economy of British America. Knight.

It is needless, at this time of day, to point out the discrepancies which exist between the tidings sent or brought home by emigrants, between the stirring anecdotes of "lions that save the settler the trouble of killing his own mutton"—and snakes that are most sociable when least welcome—of stale bread and stagnant water—and "grand pianos gutted to serve as corner cupboards,"—and the rose-coloured pictures of life and scenery done by the more fortunate or less veracious, who, not content with dwelling upon the blessings of exemption from taxes and poor-rates—upon the rough plenty of their allotment, and the healthy consciousness that they are thriving by their own industry—would have us believe the wilderness a perfect park—talk of their log-cabins with a quiet contempt for English country-houses; in short, accumulate around them, in their descriptions, all the luxury and refinement, which are scarcely separable from the artificial and overburdened state of society, to deliver themselves from which they left their own country.

The little book before us belongs to the *juste milieu*. The lady, whose letters it contains, accompanied her husband, a British officer, to Canada in the year 1832, and here presents us with her experiences of the roughest years of an emigrant's life. She is obviously endowed with life's best blessings—an observant eye, joined to a cheerful and thankful heart; and it is pleasant to meet with one, delicately nurtured, who finds compensation for the difficulties and rudenesses of an emigrant's lot in the strange and beautiful natural objects which surround her new home, and talks over perils past, only to make light of them. For this, as well as its subject-matter, this book is welcome to us.

We find, of course, in its outset, the voyage from Greenock to Quebec described, and the further journey to Montreal; but the principal features of these have been presented to us some thousand times: we shall, therefore, push on to the backwoods, taking a sketch or two by the way.

"Among other objects my attention was attracted by the appearance of open burying-grounds by the road-side. Pretty green mounds, surrounded by groups of walnut and other handsome timber trees, contained the graves of a family, or may be, some favoured friends slept quietly below the turf beside them. * *

"Even the clay-built ovens stuck upon four legs at a little distance from the houses were not unnoticed in passing. When there is not the convenience of one of these ovens outside the dwellings, the bread is baked in large iron pots—'*bake-kettles*' they are termed. I have already seen a loaf as big as a peck measure baking on the hearth in one of these kettles, and tasted of it, too; but I think the confined steam rather imparts a peculiar taste to the bread, which you do not perceive in the loaves baked in brick or clay ovens. At first I could not make out what these funny little round buildings, perched upon four posts, could be; and I took them for bee-hives, till I spied a good woman drawing some nice hot loaves out of one that stood on a bit of waste land on the road-side, some fifty yards from the cottage. * *

"There is something very picturesque in the great spinning-wheels that are used in this country for spinning the wool, and if attitude were to be studied among our Canadian lasses, there cannot be one more becoming, or calculated to show off the natural advantages of a fine figure, than spinning at the big wheel. The spinster does not sit, but walks to and fro, guiding the yarn with one hand while with the other she turns the wheel. I often noticed, as we passed by the cottage farms, hanks of yarn of different colours hanging on the garden or orchard fence to dry; there were all manner of colours, green blue, purple, brown, red, and white."

From Cobourg the party proceeded to Amherst, on their way to Peterborough: the author gives us a pretty description of the Otanabee river, and of her first peep into a log-house: "the interior," to use an artist's phrase, is not very inviting.

"As I felt a great curiosity to see the interior of a log-house, I entered the open door-way of the tavern, as the people termed it, under the pretext of buying a draught of milk. The interior of this rude dwelling presented no very inviting aspect. The walls were of rough unhewn logs, filled between the chinks with moss and irregular wedges of wood to keep out the wind and rain. The unplastered roof displayed the rafters, covered with moss and lichens, green, yellow, and grey; above which might be seen the shingles, dyed to a fine mahogany-red by the smoke which refused to ascend the wide clay and stone chimney, to curl gracefully about the roof, and seek its exit in the various crannies and apertures with which the roof and sides of the building abounded.

"The floor was of earth, which had become pretty

hard and smooth through use. This hut reminded me of the one described by the four Russian sailors that were left to winter on the island of Spitzbergen. Its furniture was of corresponding rudeness: a few stools, rough and unplaned; a deal table, which, from being manufactured from unseasoned wood, was divided by three wide open seams, and was only held together by its ill-shaped legs; two or three blocks of grey granite placed beside the hearth served for seats for the children, with the addition of two beds raised a little above the ground by a frame of split cedars. On these lowly couches lay extended two poor men, suffering under the wasting effects of lake-fever."

Three miles from Peterborough the difficulties of the way may be said to have opened upon the emigrants, in the shape of wild trackless forests. Our lady, however, "roughed it" nobly, and, in her further or final journey to her settlement, dwells more upon the delight she received from fine scenery, and the striking vegetation around her, than the vexations of being jolted over a corduroy road upon a *box*, compared with which Mr. Power's (lately mentioned in our pages) must have been a *bandbox* of ease and gentility,—or of sitting upon a stone at night-fall, by the edge of a wild lake, when the departure of even this precious conveyance was felt to be an abandonment. She is very explicit in all the minute particulars which concern a settler's location. In a district, where labour is scarce and precious, the new-comer would perish for the want of common shelter, if his neighbours did not come and lend him a helping hand in building his cabin and clearing his ground. One of these gatherings of good fellowship is called "a bee."

"It was the latter end of October before even the walls of our house were up. To effect this we called 'a bee.' Sixteen of our neighbours cheerfully obeyed our summons; and though the day was far from favourable, so faithfully did our hive perform their tasks, that by night the outer walls were raised.

"The work went merrily on with the help of plenty of Canadian nectar (whiskey), the honey that our *bees* are solaced with. Some huge joints of salt pork, a peck of potatoes, with a rice-pudding, and a loaf as big as an enormous Cheshire cheese, formed the feast that was to regale them during the raising. This was spread out in the shanty, in a very *rural style*. In short, we laughed, and called it a *pic-nic in the backwoods;* and rude as was the fare, I can assure you, great was the satisfaction expressed by all the guests of every degree, our 'bee' being considered as very well conducted. * *

"The following day I went to survey the newly-raised edifice, but was sorely puzzled, as it presented very little appearance of a house. It was merely an oblong square of logs raised one above the other, with open spaces between every row of logs. The spaces for the doors and windows were not then chopped out, and the rafters were not up. In short, it looked a very queer sort of a place, and I returned home a little disappointed, and wondering that my husband should be so well pleased with the progress that had been made. A day or two after this I again visited it. The *sleepers* were laid to support the floors, and the places for the doors and windows cut out of the solid timbers, so that it had not quite so much the look of a bird-cage as before.

"After the roof was shingled, we were again at a stand, as no boards could be procured nearer than Peterborough, a long day's journey through horrible roads. At that time no saw-mill was in progress; now there is a fine one building within a little distance of us. Our flooring-boards were all to be sawn by hand, and it was some time before any one could be found to perform this necessary work, and that at high wages—six-and-sixpence per day. Well, the boards were at length down, but of course of unseasoned timber: this was unavoidable; so, as they could not be planed, we were obliged to put up with their rough unsightly appearance, for no better were to be had. I began to recall to mind the observation of the old gentleman with whom we travelled from Cobourg to Rice Lake. We console ourselves with the prospect that by next summer the boards will all be seasoned, and then the house is to be turned topsy-turvy, by having the floors all relaid, jointed, and smoothed.

"The next misfortune that happened, was, that the mixture of clay and lime that was to plaster the inside and outside of the house between the chinks of the logs was one night frozen to stone. Just as the work was about half completed, the frost suddenly setting in, put a stop to our proceeding for some time, as the frozen plaster yielded neither to fire nor to hot water, the latter freezing before it had any effect on the mass, and rather making bad worse. Then the workman that was hewing the inside walls to make them smooth, wounded himself with the broad axe, and was unable to resume his work for some time.

"I state these things merely to show the difficulties that attend us in the fulfilment of our plans, and this accounts in a great measure for the humble dwellings that settlers of the most respectable description are obliged to content themselves with at first coming to this country,—not, you may be assured, from inclination, but necessity: I could give you such narratives of this kind as would astonish you. After all, it serves to make us more satisfied than we should be on casting our eyes around to see few better off than we are, and many not half so comfortable, yet of equal, and, in some instances, superior pretensions as to station and fortune."

In an equally pleasant manner are the various operations of "Life in the Woods" described. By and bye we begin to hear, not only of trees cut down, and logs burned, and fields tilled, but of little excursions made, and neighbours visited. An Indian settlement was not far off, and we shall give a few notices of its inhabitants:—

"The Indians dress the deer-skins for making mocassins, which are greatly sought after by the settlers in these parts; they are very comfortable in snowy weather, and keep the feet very warm, but you require several wrappings of cloth round the feet before you put them on. I wore a beautiful pair all last winter, worked with porcupine-quills and bound with scarlet ribbon; these elegant mocassins were the handicraft of an old squaw, the wife of Peter the hunter: you have already heard of him in my former letters. I was delighted with a curious specimen of Indian orthography that accompanied the mocassins, in the form of a note, which I shall transcribe for your edification:—

"'Sir,—Pleas if you would give something; you must git in ordir in store is woyth (worth) them mocsin, porcupine quill on et. One dollers foure yard.'

"This curious billet was the production of the hunter's eldest son, and is meant to intimate that if I would buy the mocassins the price was one dollar, or an order on one of the stores for four yards of calico; for so the squaw interpreted its meaning. The order for four yards of printed cotton was delivered over to Mrs. Peter, who carefully pinned it within the folds of her blanket, and departed well satisfied with the payment. And this reminds me of our visit to the Indian's camp last week. * *

"The swarthy complexions, shaggy black hair, and singular costume of the Indians, formed a striking contrast with the fair-faced Europeans that were mingled with them, seen as they were by the red and fitful glare of the wood-fire that occupied the centre of the circle. The deer-hounds lay stretched in indolent enjoyment, close to the embers, while three or four dark-skinned little urchins were playing with each other, or angrily screaming out their indignation against the apish tricks of the hunchback, my old acquaintance Maquin, that Indian Flibberty-gibbet, whose delight appeared to be in teazing and tormenting the little papouses, casting as he did so sidelong glances of impish glee at the guests, while as quick as thought his features assumed an impenetrable gravity when the eyes of his father or the squaws seemed directed towards his tricks. * *

"The most attractive persons in the wigwam were two Indian girls, one about eighteen,—Jane, the hunter's eldest daughter, and her cousin Margaret. I was greatly struck with the beauty of Jane; her features were positively fine, and though of gipsey darkness the tint of vermillion on her check and lip rendered it, if not beautiful, very attractive. Her hair, which was of jetty blackness, was soft and shining, and was neatly folded over her forehead, not hanging loose and disorderly in shaggy masses, as is generally the case with squaws. Jane was evidently aware of her superior charms, and may be considered as an Indian belle, by the peculiar care she displayed in the arrangement of the black cloth mantle, bound with scarlet, that was gracefully wrapped over one shoulder, and fastened at her left side with a gilt broach. Margaret was younger, of lower stature, and though lively and rather pretty, yet wanted the quiet dignity of her cousin; she had more of the squaw in face and figure. The two girls occupied a blanket by themselves, and were busily engaged in working some most elegant sheaths of deer-skin, richly wrought over with coloured quills and beads: they kept the beads and quills in a small tin baking-pan on their knees; but my old squaw (as I always call Mrs. Peter) held her porcupine-quills in her mouth, and the fine dried sinews of the deer, which they make use of instead of thread in work of this sort, in her bosom.

"On my expressing a desire to have some of the porcupine-quills, she gave me a few of different colour that she was working a pair of mocassins with, but signified that she wanted '*bead* to work mocsin,' by which I understood I was to give some in exchange for the quills. Indians never give since they have learned to trade with white men.

"She was greatly delighted with the praises I bestowed on Jane. She told me Jane was soon to marry the young Indian who sat on one side of her in all the pride of a new blanket coat, red sash, embroidered powder-pouch, and great gilt clasps to the collar of his coat, which looked as warm and as white as a newly washed fleece. The old squaw evidently felt proud of the young couple as she gazed on them, and often repeated, with a good-tempered laugh, 'Jane's husband—marry by and by.'

"We had so often listened with pleasure to the Indians singing their hymns of a Sunday night that I requested some of them to sing to us; the old hunter nodded assent; and, without removing his pipe, with the gravity and phlegm of a Dutchman, issued his commands, which were as instantly obeyed by the younger part of the community, and a chorus of rich voices filled the little hut with a melody that thrilled to our very hearts."

With these extracts, and a recommendation of the work for its spirit and truth, we must conclude.

First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales. 1835.

[Second Notice.]

The most ample acknowledgment of the sound value of the new system of administering the Poor Law, is to be gathered from the approbation recently given to it, in Parliament, by Sir Robert Peel. From the moment at which a great law amendment ceases, through the healthy test of experience, to be a party measure, may be dated the decided worth and popularity of the change. We are far from desiring to be ranked as persons interested in party questions; but looking, as we trust we invariably do, to the furtherance of scientific improvements, to the encouragement of literature, and to the sensible fostering of the arts, for the bettering of the social, intellectual, and moral advancement of the people, we cannot resist attending to any subject of wise and systematic good to the community, when we think our praise or censure will have its effect (however slight) in tending to the common weal. It is because we are of opinion that the new law is a wise and practicable law—likely, not to benefit party, but to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes of our countrymen—that we recur to the First Annual Report of the New Poor Law Commissioners.

Ragged, wretched, tyrannous, and mean, (like the able paupers under the imbecile old system,) was the late Poor Law. It is painful to dwell on what Mr. Assistant Commissioner

Hall so well calls "the malignant features of the old system." The pauper, in proportion to his indolence and his ability to work, was elevated above the condition of the independent labourer. Relief to families, instead of being yielded "in the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials," to the family, was handed, in an amount equal to that of weekly wages, to the husband and father, who transferred it, not to the suffering wife and the famished children, but to the *Red Lion*, or the "*Cross Keys*, or *Plumber's Arms*," in exchange for the stimulating beverage that brutalized him at home, and pauperized his energies abroad. Parish relief weakened the human race in its childhood, and barbarized and bewildered it in its manhood. The system, too, was cumbrous to a disastrous extent, on those who had their poorer fellow creatures on their hands. The ratepayers paid heavily, not really to relieve, but to defray the expenses of parochial feasts—to assist the petty frauds of overseers—and, virtually, to deprive themselves of the aid of that very working class on whose moral soundness, the welfare of the community mainly depends. The new law goes, in our humble opinion, to the root of the evil. One great object has been, to depreciate the able-bodied pauper—to make him, in comparison with the independent labourer, an article *at a discount*—to sow in him the seed of industry—to turn him, in fact, *into* the labourer. The plan, like all other good plans, is simple enough: relief to the poor, when now distributed out of doors, is not given in the *Red Lion* style, but in *kind*—food, and clothing, or medicine (if absolutely necessary) are bestowed instead of beer-money. Real trouble is lowered instead of the *Tap!* But the truth is, the workhouse system is "the heart of the mystery," the secret of which the new law has plucked out. The complaining paupers, able-bodied or infirm—the widow (who, under the old law, threatened the parish with a change of state,) *with* her children—the sick—the idle—the dissolute—the prolific single—are invited *in!* The workhouse, a real *work*-house to the capable, is open; and what is the result? Able men become active men, in the fields or in the factories, provide for their families without parochial relief, and take that proud, though humble, station in society which their own independence and increased moral worth give them. They are, essentially, *providing* for the real poor and infirm, instead of being the warts, blotches, and scars upon poverty themselves. Surely the well-working of this intelligent plan is, and must be, a matter of the deepest interest and anxiety to all who have the good governance of their country at heart. The time will come, we hope, when the workhouse will be the only deserted tenement in the parish.

The result of the change, as far as it can be gathered from the brief experience of the organization of the unions of parishes, and the systematic arrangement planned and accomplished by the Assistant Commissioners, has been a decided decrease in the cases of illegitimate children—a general disposition towards industry and independence—a provident care for the future, exemplified by the recent great increase of savings banks and provident institutions—a disinclination for charitable medical relief, clubs being formed, amongst the labourers themselves, to yield it at an easy rate—and a shunning, through comparative affluence by exertion, of the poor-house.

We repeat, that considerable individual suffering and hardship will attend this great change. The unmarried mother, who made a close estimate of the value of *ruin* under the old system, will sorely rue her depreciated sacrifice, under the new; and the incumbent in indolence, a non-resident on his *living*, will mutter over the disturbance of his vested rights in the poor-rates: even the *unpaid* overseer will murmur at his decayed interests and destroyed *bills of expenses*.

We now propose to give such extracts from the reports of the Assistant Commissioners, and from the contents of the volume, as will show the abuses under the old system, and the dawning of the great improvements under the new.

Some of the illustrations of the state of management in certain districts, as discovered by the Assistant Poor Law Commissioners in their late visits, are singular and amusing specimens of the long lives which venerable abuses are permitted to enjoy. We select a few for the perusal of our readers.

"The following facts will serve to illustrate the encouragement held out to married couples who are disposed to become paupers:—Many years since, two men of the names of Munn and Girling, with their wives and families, were admitted into this establishment. Several of their children were born and reared up in the workhouse until they attained the age of thirteen years, when they were apprenticed by the corporation. After serving their time, the sons married, and in their turn came with their wives to the workhouse. They were soon encircled by a rising family, who, having attained the proper age, were, as their parents had been before them, apprenticed by the directors and guardians of the corporation. These children, at the expiration of their apprenticeship, likewise married, again became paupers, claimed their right of admission into their former asylum the workhouse, were received, and are now living together, by the usage of the establishment.

"Thus there are at this time three generations of these paupers in the house of industry, and the same results are expected from the recently married couples as from their ancestors, namely, a perpetuation of the stock of pauper families. * *

"I saw several charges for *licences* for marrying paupers, and in one of the large metropolitan parishes, a charge of this description and of nearly like amount has often been repeated—'*Fees towards necessary marriages*, 24*l.* 16*s.*;' but the following fact is amongst the most curious of that kind which has come within my knowledge. A parish in Bosmere and Claydon hundred had a female pauper, a widow with a family, who was very troublesome, and who, by the promise of a marriage portion of 6*l.*, induced a man belonging to a parish in the town of Ipswich to marry her, thereby thinking to get rid of the burden. The overseer, desirous of making all sure, actually attended the wedding himself, and dined with the married couple, and after the ceremony presented the husband with 6*l.* as agreed upon. This couple lived together two years, and have had two more children. The first was born in the parish to which the mother belonged; the last child was born in Ipswich, since the passing of the new Poor Law Amendment Act. It now turns out that the man had tricked the officer, that he had a former wife living at the time he married this pauper, that, the marriage being illegal, the children are bastards, and that consequently the woman has been returned to her parish with the two additional children, and the loss to them of the 6*l.* * *

"The payment of the extra charges, the prolific source indeed of the most extensive parochial peculations, being still left in the hands of ignorant and incompetent overseers in each parish, leaves an open field for fraud and deception. In one small parish I found 54*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* had been charged to the poor-rate in three years for killing sparrows: they are paid for at the rate of 3*d.* per dozen, and consequently there must have been 52,600 sparrows, which, allowing 12 sparrows to weigh one pound, would make the weight of the whole 4,838 pounds, or three good horse-loads of 1,461 pounds each: by the same process of calculation the sparrows would have served, instead of meat, 55 paupers for 12 months, allowing each pauper half a pound of sparrows per day for three days each week. Such charges will continue to be made without detection, for, as in Suffolk, if they cannot get the money from the poor-rate they will have recourse to the surveyor's rate and to the churchwarden's account, and thereby cloak charges the most extravagant and ridiculous. * *

"Whilst I was at Wantage, eight or ten young men collected one rainy morning under the market-house, and amused themselves by *playing at marbles* till the weather was fine enough to admit of their going to work. Five or six came to the place *with umbrellas*.

"In Haddenham parish seventy or eighty able-bodied labourers are employed from the poor-rate, and when I visited it these men were set to work in forming a new road, about half a mile in extent. The degree of supervision exercised over them may be imagined when I state that I passed twenty-seven of them all fast asleep, on a fine sunny afternoon, by the road side."

The mode of administration of the Poor Rate, as exposed in certain accounts of old parochial expenditure, appears by the following extracts.

"In Worminghall books is the following item:—

	£.	s.	d.
Richard Shilton, five days, looking after his family	0	5	0
A. Gibbs, looking after his wife	0	6	0

"At Britwell Salome:—

March 23, 1833, bird keeping, moles and sparrows	19	18	6

"Six months afterwards:—

September 29, 1833, paid the beadle, bird-keeping, powder and shot	9	8	5

"In Caversham books is the following item:—

June, 1834, paid William Dormer, ill (*through drink*)	0	5	0

"The expense of a pauper's marriage at Compton was as follows:—

Putting the horse and cart up at the public house, waiting for Mr. Bent, the clergyman, to come home	0	1	2
Mr. Bent for a licence	3	3	0
W. Baker for his horse and cart	0	6	2
Clergyman not at home; expenses at the Swan Inn, Compton; *keeping Rumbold* (the *male* pauper) IN HOLT; paid for dinner the day that he was married	1	19	4½
J. Cox, constable	0	3	6
For gold ring for Wm. Rumbold to be married with	0	8	0
Parson's and clerk's expenses	0	15	0

"A pauper in Ashbury, being lame, bought a horse and rode daily to the stone-pit.

"On inquiring from the superintendent of Wokefield and Mortimer poor-house whether the inmates were subjected to any sort of discipline, he replied, that he once shut the door of the house at nine o'clock, but the paupers returning home to bed from their daily haunts, the beer shops, broke into the poor-house and abused him roundly for daring to exclude them *from their own apartments*.

"At Pangbourne, the *payment* for *illegitimate* children was 38*l.*, the *receipt* 1*l.*"

The workhouse occasionally had its *tap*—like the barracks, or the prison, or any other receptacle for the dissolute and disorderly.

"In the house of industry at Bulcamp, belonging to the Blything hundred, the most strange customs have obtained, and the paupers are indulged in a manner that renders their situations far superior to that of the honest independent labourer.

"A regularly-licensed shop has for years been fitted up and allowed to be kept by a female pauper *in* the house of industry, for the convenience of the other paupers. The exciseman attends periodically to 'take stock,' the same as at any tradesman's shop or warehouse; and the last time I visited the house, application was made to me, on behalf of this old pauper-shopkeeper, as to the future prospects of her trade. The season had arrived at which it was customary to renew the licences for the sale of her tobacco, tea, &c. I recommended, however, at the risk of lessening the revenue, that the old lady should relinquish business and retire, as her trade was not likely to be so good under the new arrangements.

"The house is surrounded by a small farm belonging to the hundred. There are ten milch cows kept, and the paupers are supplied with the milk and best fresh butter; and I was informed that the guardians had repeatedly declared that they could not

get such butter at their own tables as the paupers were supplied with in the Bulcamp house of industry."

The report of Sir Francis Head's progress in East Kent, is clear, forcible, and concise, as might be expected from so keen an observer, so lively a writer, and so reflecting a traveller. We must make room for two passages from his communication.

"When first under your directions I began gradually to place the rate-receivers below the rate-payers, and below the independent labourers, it did not appear to be understood that the industry of all classes of society would be healthily excited by so honest an adjustment; the truth, however, of the theory soon became evident, even to several of the best labourers, and nothing has tended to make it more practically apparent to the good sense of the whole county, than the mutinous resistance which was fortunately offered to the operations of the earliest unions I formed.

"The complaint first urged against your orders, 'that relief should be given to able-bodied paupers and their families, half in bread and half in money,' actually was, that by such an arrangement they (the paupers) *would receive more bread than they could possibly eat;* in fact, that they would be weaned from the beer-shops: and when not contented with uttering so unreasonable an objection, they assembled in great numbers to attack not only the relieving officers, but to insult and assault their own magistrates; when armed with clubs they dragged the independent labourers from their work, forcibly obliging them to join their gang; when they grossly insulted women who earnestly desired, for the sake of their children, to accept the bread; when they declared to one or two of the Kentish yeomen, that if they dared to interfere 'they would hang them up by the heels to their own trees;' when, going a step further, they cruelly beat two gentlemen of great worth and respectability; and when, finally, they proceeded to the very brink of committing murder; such conduct explained most clearly the miserable progress of unrestrained pauperism, and advocated much more strongly than I could humbly do the necessity as well as the beneficence of the Poor Law *Amendment* Act. * *

"It affords me great satisfaction to be enabled to inform you, that although when I first entered this county considerable prejudice existed, yet in no instance have I had recourse to any one of the powers of the Poor Law Amendment Act. In every petty sessional division I commenced by publicly consulting the magistrates, parish-officers, and principal rate-payers; 705 of whom, out of 710, approved of, and deliberately supported me in, the arrangements I proposed. The guardians of nine extensive unions which we had no power to divorce, gave me their consent in writing to a dissolution of their respective unions; and although we had no authority whatever to erect workhouses, yet in every one of the new unions, the guardians, after mature reflection, signed a formal application for permission to build one. With respect to the important alteration I have made in the dietary of the paupers, (which, compared with that of the labourer of this county, has now ceased to be attractive,) I have great satisfaction in stating to you, that I did not substitute four bread and cheese dinners per week for meat ones, until this proposed reduction had been considered and approved of by a meeting I especially convened for the purpose, of the chairmen and vice-chairmen of the eleven new unions in East Kent; indeed, in all the alterations I have made I have freely consulted these boards of guardians, who have most gladly availed themselves of the liberty of the new Act to break the fetters of the old law; and I most deliberately declare to you, that the advantages of the change are now so self-evident to this half of the county, that it would be utterly impracticable to persuade it to return to the errors of the obsolete law; indeed, I humbly submit, that nothing can be more creditable to any country, than the manly determination with which all respectable individuals cheerfully and voluntarily have thrown aside popularity and profit, the moment they clearly saw that, by doing so, they could annihilate a horrid system which they had long practically lamented and condemned."

With a dreadful picture—sketched, it might seem, from the worst days of Bedlam cruelty and misrule—we must close our extracts:—

"In one corner of the building I discovered a most dismal filthy looking room, which altogether presented such a sombre wretched appearance, that curiosity prompted me to explore it. I entered it, and the scene which I witnessed in it is almost impossible to forget. Judging from the appearance of the room, I should think that water must have been excluded from it for years. In short, it reminded me of a coal cellar, or any place, rather than the residence of a human being. The sole tenant of this miserable abode was a poor distressed lunatic. His appearance was pitiable in the extreme; his clothing was extremely ragged; his flesh literally as dirty as the floor; his head and face were much bruised, apparently from repeated falls. Shoes he had been furnished with at some time or other, but they had done their duty, and his feet protruded through them. He sat listless and alone, without any human being to attend upon or to take care of him, staring vacantly around, insensible even to the calls of nature, and apparently unmindful of anything which was passing in the room. He was endeavouring to avail himself of the only comfort allowed him from the few embers which were yet burning in the grate, for he had thrust his arms through an iron grating which was placed before the fire, intended doubtless to prevent the poor creature from burning himself; but as it was, his hands just reached the embers.

"I endeavoured to arouse this poor pitiable fellow-creature, but the attempt was useless, all sensibility had forsaken him. To the very great shame of the parish officers, I found he had been in this disgusting state for years."

The reports of the Assistant Commissioners are the results, and valuable ones, of much research and discernment: some mark the mere man of business—some discover the humane theorist—some, the earnest, practical reformer. One, that of Mr. Hall, exhibits the singular admixture of the poet and the political economist.

We cannot, however, withhold our praise from the report of Dr. Kay, not only on the ground of its local interest, as connected with the factories, and of its invaluable details of the effects of migration from poor agricultural districts to active manufacturing ones, but for the industry, zeal, and clearness which mark his inquiries, and his lucid deductions. This gentleman, in districts calling for great labour and vivid discrimination, has shown an ability for the task allotted to him highly honourable to himself, and complimentary to the discernment of those who selected him. The encouragement of migration, from pauper parishes to manufacturing parts of the country, is a marked and important feature in the working of the new law; and we cannot but think, that the transfer of families from squalid Bledlow, in Bucks, to busy Bolton, in Lancashire, from poor Prince's Risborough to active Egerton, near Manchester, is more useful, more humane, and more politically wise, than all the costly arrangements "in parliament and out" (as poor Elliston used to say), for the exportation of the useful mechanic, and the enterprising enthusiastic labourer, to the lands of the kangaroo and the convict.

There are two good plans, at the conclusion of the volume, for workhouses, which may be easily diminished or increased to the size required by any Board of Guardians. We object, however, to the following directions for the building of the rural workhouse. "Both plans are founded on the principle, that, in the construction of a rural workhouse, the height of the rooms, the thickness of the walls, &c. *should not exceed the dimensions of the cottage* † *of the honest hardworking independent labourer; well built, substantial rooms being a luxury*, as attractive to the pauper as food and raiment." Decorated rooms are not wanted, but health is; and it is better to run the risk of a little attraction, than to take the low apartments of the cottage as a model for the construction of a building in which paupers are constantly to dwell. The labourer is in the air early and late, and the small low room is all-sufficient for his repose. But the inmate of the workhouse is perpetually the inmate; and ventilation ought to be as carefully attended to as in a coal-pit, or a lead-mine. The architect may make his walls as plain as he pleases, so that he makes them lofty enough, and does not exclude the wholesome breath of day: he should, in short, try to work out the idea of the poet, and

> ——give to airy nothing
> A local habitation!

Some difficulty may attend the working out of a suggestion, which, however, we cannot but think worthy the attention of the Board of Commissioners, and of those travelling Assistants, who are pushing their inquiries and amendments throughout the provinces. Much good has resulted from an organized system of communication having been established, between the guardians of the unions in East Kent, as pointed out by the late shrewd and sensible Commissioner, Sir Francis Head. We think a like system of communication should be established by the Assistant Commissioners, amongst themselves, or through some agency with each other. They communicate with the London Board, it is true, but it does not appear that a regular transfer of reports is kept up. If a full weekly or monthly statement were required to be forwarded to the board by each Assistant Commissioner, of his progress, of the evidence obtained, of his reforms, and his experience, and copies of these reports were immediately forwarded to each of his co-Assistant Commissioners in the country, the general working of the plan would beat with a regular pulsation, the *blood* of the system would flow regularly to the *heart* in London, and as regularly be circulated through the *arteries* in the counties. Is not this worthy of consideration? The cost of a few extra clerks would be as nothing in comparison with the advantages which would ensue upon this their useful employment.

† The architect, or the Commissioners, or the party from whom this direction emanated, did not coincide with "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best!" in his notion of the effect of a spacious workhouse on the poor. Crabbe, no poor authority, though an authority on the subject of the poor, in his Dutch picture poem, 'The Borough,' says—

> Your plan I love not; with a number you
> Have placed your poor, your pitiable few:
> There in one house, throughout their lives to be,
> The pauper palace which they hate to see:
> That giant building, that high bounding wall,
> Those bare-worn walks, that lofty thundering hall!
> That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour,
> Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power;
> It is a prison, with a milder name,
> Which few inhabit without dread or shame!

Raumer's England—[*England in* 1835. By Friederich Von Raumer.] 2 vols.

[Third Notice.]

Once again we return to these capital volumes. After all, we can but give the public a taste of their quality, and awaken an appetite for the more substantial repast about to be offered them by Mr. Murray.

M. A. has told me of the arrival of a Prussian Liberal, who vehemently abuses Prussia. "Then," replied I, "he is at all events wrong; for without love for his country, a man is no better than a beast, and the *ubi bene, ibi patria*, is for the most part the motto of unfeeling, heartless, selfish people, who are more attracted by cooks and wine-merchants, than by friends, relations and fellow-citizens. The mystery of the irresistible, inexhaustible attachment to the apparently inanimate soil, to a tree, a prospect, a fountain—this mystery, so often ridiculed and despised, nay, viewed with the lamp of false enlightenment, declared to be absurd, proves the pulse of universal life which unites spirit and matter. * *

It is by no means my intention to require that what is defective in our own country should be justified

in spite of evident truth, or that what is viewed with partiality should be overrated. On the contrary, I have the most sensitive feeling for the faults and errors of my country: not a feeling of hatred and contempt, but one originating in the strictest attachment. Who sees the faults of children more clearly, who blames them more severely, than parents? But is their heart therefore averted from them, or colder than that of the indifferent spectator? By no means. Thus should it be with our native land. * *

If a stranger (a Frenchman or an Englishman,) dogmatically calls Prussia a despotic state, because he knows only his own standard, or applies his own measure, such a prejudice is to be gradually removed or refuted. A Prussian, on the other hand, who speaks in this manner, knows nothing of his own country, or does not care to know it. Both are equally blameable. I will not however be unreasonable. We endure great mental suffering, or a severe illness, more easily than a series of useless vexations, than gnats and flies in our rooms and beds. The Prussian police has sometimes been too busy with such vexations and fly-catching, and has driven even patient people to impatience. No revolutions arise from trifles, nor are they to be kept off by trifles. The most comprehensive, the most rigid police was ineffectual (opposed to great causes) in Russia and France. He who takes his lantern to look day and night after follies, will find them in plenty. By this process of the police they lengthen like the tapeworm, but the head will never be laid hold of in such manner. The folly of a day, the error of youth, ought to be considered as evaporated, as vanished. Instead of that, it is recorded in voluminous documents as *character indelebilis*, and the long list of sins is sent to presidents and ambassadors, that they may keep a sharp look-out after the guilty. But all these censurers did just the same formerly; they were members of orders, or *Landsmannschaften*, and relate with much glee stories of their pranks when they were students; and they are right in doing so. The froth of this university champagne has not affected either head or heart; and the police keepers of Zion, who never had a notion of it, were from their youth *Philister*,† without head or heart.

In the year 1813, by the emancipation of the peasants, the independence of the citizens, and by exciting youth, the waves of the ocean were raised, which swept away the greatest despotism of modern times. Can we wonder, then, that after such a storm, all minds did not at once subside into a perfect calm, but, as in Glück's Iphigenia, some tones still echoed, some lightnings still flashed? Truly, those persons who now go about with their police watering-pot, to extinguish the last spark, would never in those years of terror, have fetched, like Prometheus, the sacred fire from heaven, to purify the world from all its dross, and gain the pure silver of a new era. Such modes of cure and renovation are, thank Heaven! not necessary every day. But if our youth does not sufficiently estimate the value of what has been gained, and of a tranquil, orderly state of things the error is pardonable, and a happy proof that, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the over-anxious, the generous fire is not extinguished, but in reserve for times of new danger. Every useful fire, it is true, may spread and become a dangerous conflagration, but the firemen do not therefore stand from year's end to year's end, with their engines and water-buckets, in the market-place; they do not blow their horn [the custom in Germany] so incessantly, that nobody pays attention to them. In Venice, Madrid, and perhaps in Paris, a secret police may have been possible and necessary, but it is utterly at variance with the German character. By *secret police*, I do not mean merely the endeavour to discover secrets by means of worthless vagabonds, spies, opening letters, and so forth; but likewise the folly of public authorities instituting formal inquiries into things, which, if they were let alone, would quickly die away and be forgotten. Absolutists and ultra-liberals do each other's work in this also, and are the cause of all the evil.

England has no police tyrants like France, and no petty spies like Germany, but it abounds the more in theological zealots. It cannot be denied that those of the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland have been mostly produced by English tyranny. But to affirm, as many writers and orators now do, that the Roman Catholic Church has, at all times, taught and converted in pure love and kindness, is trampling all historical truth under foot. Admitting this, Philip II. and the Duke of Alva would be the true defenders of a good cause, and martyrdom would consist, not in dying for one's own faith, but in burning those who are of a different opinion. * *

With the same senseless, acrimonious, unchristian zeal, with which the Roman Catholic Church is attacked, libellers, on their part, attack the English Established Church. *They* do not aim at improving what is defective, but at overthrowing all that exists. Unstable atomism is to give to the Church and the State new solidity and unity. What madness! Neither Church nor State is dependent in origin or progress on the mere whim of the passing hour. The English advocates of the voluntary system in the Church, and the French panegyrists of the *volonté générale*, cultivate the same barren unprofitable soil. Scarcely a blade of grass springs up, with all their care; then comes the heat of the day, and what has been extolled and admired withers so rapidly—vanishes so quickly from the eye and the memory, that the next day produces the same transient pleasure, or the same trouble. * *

The treatment of the Roman Catholics in England is, in fact, less difficult than that of the Dissenters. As soon as it shall be thought fit to place the former on an equality with the English Church, or to treat them in the same manner as in Prussia, all difficulties will vanish. The Dissenters, on the other hand, have no firm, connected system. They disperse, arrive, or vanish, often with unexpected rapidity. It is easy to find what, according to the Roman Catholic or the Protestant doctrine, is a church, a clergyman, a marriage, &c., and what importance is to be attached to all these things. But, is every room, where a few dissentients assemble, to pass for a church? What persons can give validity to a marriage?—what rights and duties are to be attributed to them? Is every one at liberty to refuse contributing to the general burthens of the church? or is he absolutely bound to contribute as to the burthens of the state? These, and similar questions, are, indeed, hard to be answered, and cannot be decided without an accurate comparison of all the circumstances. In Germany, where only two great parties exist together, all is more simple, and in greater masses than here, where every internal difference immediately appears externally, and makes itself of consequence. * *

I called on Mrs. Austin. I may congratulate myself that she has offered to translate my Letters into English. No one is better qualified for such a task than this lady, whose superior mind and talents are so generally acknowledged, that my testimony must appear superfluous. For my own sake, I requested her to alter and omit whatever she might think necessary in my Letters. Of the few preceding lines, however, she is not at liberty to leave out a word, as I have myself scratched out everything that might be unpleasant to her feelings. Many things in my book will appear dry to her, yet I have the vanity to hope, that I shall sometimes coincide with her in thoughts and feelings.

English Society.—If I compare English parties with those of other countries, many remarks are forced upon me. If the number of guests exceeds three, there is an end to general conversation: that is, I do not see or hear any individual, either from natural talent or forwardness, assume the lead in the conversation, make his light shine, keep one subject constantly in view, and thoroughly discuss or contest it with one of equal ability. A person seldom addresses any but his nearest neighbours, and those who sit farther off can scarcely hear the conversation, which is carried on in an under-tone. It seems to me, that topics of general importance are very rarely made the subject of social conversation. What a time of agitation is this—parliamentary elections unexpectedly favourable to the Whigs—then again the defeat of one of their leaders—the approaching opening of Parliament—yet not a trace of any of these topics in general society. The old proverb—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh—does not seem applicable to the English. In such days the French (even if their mouths were corked and rosined) would foam like a bottle of champagne, and give vent to their thoughts and feelings. In parliamentary discussions, the French are far inferior to the English, but they excel them in conversational powers; and I should have seen, heard, and had much more to tell you, did the English resemble the French in this respect. The journals tell us what passes in Parliament, but a foreigner would willingly hear the commentaries and additions in society.

English Cookery.—Passing an eating-house the other day, I saw in the window a ticket with "*Rice-Soup.*" This I had never tasted in London, and you will therefore think it very natural that I indulged my *penchant* for this dish, and, besides, bespoke maccaroni soup for the following day. It was excellent, without pepper; and, instead of the English, I found here the French-German cookery, and this exactly suited my taste. English cookery is by no means agreeable, as everybody is obliged to bite and chew twice as much as in France, Italy, and Germany, which is trying enough to young teeth, but utter destruction to older masticators.

English cookery is that of nature, as described by Homer. Good quality of provisions is the basis and indispensable condition of good eating; therefore, without good fish, good meat, good vegetables, labour and art are thrown away; and, because the English have all these, they fancy that their object is attained. In this, however, they appear to be mistaken, for they want the second step in the progress of the art, or the scientific and tasteful combination of nature and art. Thus, we see every day, and in every company, one and the same sauce for fish. Every vegetable appears *in puris naturalibus*—every soup seeks to hide its weakness by a covering of pepper and spice. With the same materials the French cook can do a great deal more. As the Egyptian divinities, in simple dignified repose, appear with their arms and legs closely pinioned in the same position, and with the same expression in all ages; so do in England, in dull and unvarying monotony, roast beef, roast mutton, roast veal. As every god and goddess assumes in the hands of Phidias and Praxiteles a different posture and features, a milder or more serious expression; so do the sheep, the oxen, and the calves in the hands of a French cook; and the monotonous genus of plants in the system of Linnæus or Jussieu is broken, by the horticultural skill of these artists, into the most pleasing varieties.

Society of Arts.—I went to Exeter Hall to be present at a meeting of the Society of Arts, at which Admiral Codrington presided, and distributed the prizes which are annually awarded. Although I had been present at many assemblies, and was pretty well accustomed to see in the morning the ladies more numerous than the gentlemen, yet I was here taken by surprise. The hall contained more people than the area of the Opera House of Berlin, and, at least, five-sixths of them were females. There were, at least, 800 ladies; more perhaps than I ever saw together. The greater part of the hall formed a kind of pit; but, on one side, there were benches raised like an amphitheatre. After many prizes had been distributed for improvements and inventions in agriculture, mechanics, chemistry, &c., it was the turn of the Arts: and now I perceived why the ladies were assembled in such great numbers; for several of them, of different ages, received prizes of gold or silver medals for original drawings and paintings. The President did his utmost to say something obliging to each, and the gentlemen spectators were not niggardly of their applause. My curiosity being excited, I went to examine the works that were hung up—and what did I see? The very worst in our Exhibition was better than the best here, and the lap-dogs, flowers, cats, and heads, were hardly good enough for a drawing-school.

After a short relaxation—that is, after I had read, while reclining on a sofa, the directions for the London police, I went to dine with Mrs. S—, where I was introduced to Mrs. A— [Mrs. Aikin], author of several historical works, especially relative to Queen Elizabeth. She is a well-informed, sprightly woman, so that I had a very agreeable conversation with her. At half-past ten I drove to Sir R. P—. There was a very select company, but the rooms were by no means so crowded as I have found and described on other occasions. There was, therefore, a possibility

† See for the peculiar meaning of this word, Professor Wolff's note, No. 396, p. 409.

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of going from one to another, and of having some conversation. According to my habit, I endeavour to accustom myself to what is strange, and to discover the reasons of it. If I consider the *over-crowded* rooms as an *exception*, very *numerous* parties are yet unavoidable for some persons. Were they to divide them into small parties, they would not get to an end the whole year.

English Musicians.—Yesterday I was obliged to prescribe myself a day of rest, for too great exertions lead to melancholy, and the more so as, in the Museum, after reaping the harvest, I have now got into a bare stubble-field. Reading and writing filled up part of the day and the evening. I have nothing to report worth mentioning, except the Lecture which I heard at Mr. Taylor's, 'On the Modern English Composers of Songs.' He justly warned his hearers against confined notions of taste—he justly complained, that people were often wholly unacquainted with the older productions, and often despised native art; but, on the other hand, patriotism can by no means make something out of nothing. Why does all Europe know and honour the poets, statesmen, and orators of England? and why, on the contrary, does it know so little of its painters and musicians? Why do we see the contrary with respect to the Germans and Italians? A German, who is not acquainted with the great English poets, from Shakespeare to Scott and Byron, incurs deserved censure, but, Heaven forgive my ignorance! for, with the exception of Mr. Bishop, I did not know *one* of the musicians, who were praised yesterday, and yet I am not the most ignorant. Who, in Berlin, ever heard of Shield, Cooke, Stevens, Spofforth, Horsley, Attwood, Goss, &c.? In general, the lyrical branch of music is important, but is as inadequate to found a good school of music as portraiture in painting. Several specimens of the compositions of those masters were so like each other, that they indicated, indeed, the character of the school, but of a school the *master* of which does not appear. He is the original, the never-failing fountain head; where that is wanting, all the many little channels of scholars in the History of Art, are of no avail, and dry up after a very short interval. All those pieces had a similar stamp of sickly sensibility; they were far inferior to everything that has been produced (to say nothing of other masters) by Reichardt and Zelter.

Italian Opera.—I ought to say a few words of the favourite and much-extolled Italian Opera. Yet, wherefore? It is a hot-house plant, altogether alien to the English soil, and merely serves to prove that the English are very rich, and can purchase and command what they please. Thus they pay exorbitantly, and hear, through the whole year, only two or three operas of the newest undramatic composers of Italy, which the singers improve upon to the general astonishment: and yet this degenerate style is, to *real* music and *real* song, what the Zuccherii are to Raphael and Michael Angelo. * *

You have so often heard the Tower and the Colosseum described, that I need not allude to them. The Panorama of London in the latter is excellent; yet Satan would scarcely have chosen this spot, and this view over countless roofs, had he desired to tempt us from heaven by the beauty of earth. Mount Rizi, and the convent of the Calmadensians at Naples, these are the most glorious spots in the world, but where Satan cannot reign, because the indescribable beauty and sublimity of the scene are intimately connected with the sacred and divine.

London.—The city is really immense; and though there may be no point of view so rich and varied as the *Pont des Arts* in Paris, or the Linden in Berlin, we are continually presented with new rows and masses of houses, palaces, shops, &c. The number of carriages and equipages exceeds everything that any other city can offer; and we are inclined to think that something extraordinary is going on in a particular street, whereas it is but the daily traffic. That such multitudes, living close together, are able to find employment and maintenance, is, in spite of every explanation, a miracle, and the acme of civilization; whereas the *latafundia* are, after all, but pastures and grazing grounds. All the other cities of Europe are the capitals of a country; London is the capital of Great Britain, and of many other countries, and at the same time the first commercial city in the world. It is this union of a capital and a commercial city, that constitutes the peculiarity, the inexhaustible principle of life and aggrandizement. Madrid, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, &c. are capitals, and trade only as such, but are not so in consequence of their situation, internal resources, &c. Petersburgh has some resemblance to London, but it is not so favoured by nature and climate.

A great and peculiar beauty of London are its many squares; they are not, as in Berlin, abandoned to pedlars and soldiers, horse-breakers and postboys; but the large open space is left free for passengers, and the inner part is inclosed with light iron railings, and the bright greensward laid out with walks, and planted with shrubs. The squares are exceeded only by the Parks: Regent's Park alone, with its terraces and palaces, is of the utmost extent and magnificence, and the *nil admirari* can be practised here only by the most senseless stockfish. * *

The view from London Bridge of the Custom House and Thames, is particularly fine. What a throng of ships, and what restless activity! Paris, with its few scattered boats on the Seine, is nothing compared to this. On the other hand, we miss here the beautiful quays, which extend along the banks of the Seine, and are its great point of attraction. Rome and Venice are destitute of this great ornament, and Berlin possesses it only in part. * *

From the present and the future we turn to the past—to Westminster Abbey, and the chapel of Henry VII. Some persons may perhaps think me foolish for saying that Westminster Abbey made on me at Paris, painted as a Neorama, a far greater, more solemn, and more harmonious impression than in London, and in the reality;—*there* I surveyed the majestic building at one glance; the whole was spread out before me in its full extent, and a solemn silence seemed to draw the illustrious dead from their tombs, though their monuments were invisible. *Here*, on the contrary, it is a complete labyrinth of wooden partitions, doors, gratings, and corners: no general impression, no connexion or regard to the main point, the building and the architectural effect. It seemed as if all these recesses and swallow's nests, had been merely patched together to multiply the number of porters and vergers. I endeavoured to raise my thoughts and feelings, by recalling to mind the mighty dead who are here immortalized; but the greater part of the monuments are so utterly without taste, so destitute of all sculptural beauty, that they excite feelings of frivolous or peevish opposition; and I could scarcely retain the proper frame of mind, when I contemplated on their monuments the care-worn countenance of Mary Stuart, and the stern dignity of Elizabeth;—both undoubtedly intended to be resemblances. Had Shakespeare and Handel (the two greatest geniuses immortalized here,) really been as stiff and affected as Roubiliac has represented them, the earlier French and modern Italians would be justified in their opposition to both; were we to estimate their works by their monuments, we should scarcely discover in them any traces of truth and beauty. It is no answer to this objection, to allege that they are portraits.

I have been to see St. Paul's Cathedral, but I must confess that the impression it made on me was very slight, because it compels you to comparisons with St. Peter's, all which are in favour of the latter. In the first place, every imitation is inferior to the original: that this is the case here, with respect to size, is certainly of less importance than the circumstance, that St. Paul's is destitute of all internal variety, of all decorations, splendour of colour, and pictures, the absence of which, in the vast, white solitude is not compensated by the marble monuments of British naval heroes. Whenever I entered St. Peter's, it excited in me a feeling of harmony and exalted pleasure; the architecture, without overpowering the mind, called forth thoughts and sensations, which St. Paul's can scarcely awaken in a similar manner; it is a *Puritanized* St. Peter's; and whatever may be said in praise of Puritanism in other respects, it is, if not hostile to art, yet dry and cold. To this we must add the poetical environs of St. Peter's, while those of St. Paul's are wholly prosaic.

Hampton Court.—On one of the finest days of July, I went with my friend Mr. Waagen to Hampton Court, through a cheerful, well-cultivated country, enlivened with a gay variety of houses, meadows, trees, and flowers. The palace, though not poetic and fantastic like Windsor, is, both in its internal and external appearance, more striking than Buckingham House. In the famous Cartoons of Raphael, this palace contains a treasure equalled only by the Stanze of the Vatican. We had the choice between attending divine service, or being locked up for some hours in this sanctuary, and preferred the latter: the longer we stayed, the more deeply we became impressed with the life and animation of every form. After the lapse of three centuries, after the most barbarous treatment, and placed in an extremely unfavourable light, they still remain seven chefs-d'œuvre of the world. It is inconceivable how this master could have thought, felt, and executed so much during his short life. A few days since, I was dining with the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Campbell, when a gentleman of the party wished to prove, that education alone made a man what he was, and that the same education would always produce similar results. It is certainly very foolish and reprehensible, when men do not all that lies in their power for their fellow men, or if education be neglected; but we have still to find out the method, or rather, we never shall find it out, by which we can create out of nothing. That is the work of Omnipotence alone; his breath animates (*numine afflatur*)—him, we recognize in the sublime works of Raphael, Shakespeare, Phidias, and other kindred spirits. Education may expel the ignoble part, raise the mind to a mean elevation, and give it a certain degree of firmness and consistency; it can form men after its image, that is to say, after the image of the schoolmaster, but *non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.*

As the clock struck, several hundreds of persons crowded into the hall of the Cartoons, but they hurried past without attending to them, and, at the most, cast a glance at the new engravings, which do not express the character of the works half so correctly as the old ones which hang in our room—in particular, instead of the harmony of light and shade, a harsh false contrast is introduced. As a painting, the Draught of Fishes seems the most perfect; the figures and the landscape are equally admirable. But it is probable that barbarous hands have cut off a piece on each side, because the picture was too large to fit the place over the chimney. They all hang too high, and, for some incomprehensible reason, the upper round windows in this apartment are walled up, so that the only clear light is reflected upwards, from the pavement of the court-yard.

A religion which (like the Indian) buries all sense of beauty under distorted symbols, or (like Mohammedanism, and over-strained Puritanism,) will not allow anything spiritual to be explained and illustrated by the visible form, are both in error. On the other hand, the idea and the essence of religion are not comprised in beauty alone, for then the Greeks would be the best teachers of religion.

Once only in the history of the world, a whole people, as it seems, knew, recognized, and felt what beauty is—called it forth by some magic power, in every form, and separated it from all heterogeneous and incongruous parts. In other periods, which were favourable to art, only some gifted minds penetrated into the realms of beauty, while the majority beheld their labours more with astonishment than as being themselves initiated; nay, those masters themselves did not rule in perfect liberty, but were fettered by the demands of the ignorant, or by want of beauty in the subjects which they treated.

The British Museum possesses, in the Attic basreliefs, the works from Phigalia and from the Parthenon, and other masterpieces, a treasure of the noblest productions of Greek sculpture, which, in some respects, exceeds even the Vatican, and is certainly not surpassed by any other collection in the world. When I contemplate the sepulchral monuments, the combats of the Centaurs, Lapithæ, Amazons, &c., where terror, pain, and death constantly recur in the most various forms, why does not the whole, or the several parts, make the least unpleasant impression? Why do the eye, the heart, and the head remain in constant harmony? Because statuary had risen to the same elevation which Aristotle recognized in the Greek tragedy. In Sophocles the most dreadful is softened—even the death of Œdipus at Colonnæ, is but a gentle departure, and the grief of Hercules is ennobled by his divine nature. So

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every Greek, every Amazon, in victory, as in death, always remains dignified and beautiful. * *

I went yesterday to see the atelier of Chantrey, the most celebrated of the English sculptors. If I compare his works with those of earlier times, an extraordinary improvement, a return from the affected, exaggerated, studied, and absurd, to simple nature, to unconstrained attitudes, is evident. But this return to nature is only the indispensable preliminary, not the highest object of art. By far the greater number of Chantrey's works are busts or portraits, (admirable resemblances, as I am assured,) and sepulchral monuments, for the most part connected with similar objects. But I see in those heads only the faithful conception and imitation of nature, not the poetical ideal of art, which is never wanting in the works of the great sculptors. The image, the portrait, is always something partial, subordinate, confined, as a work of art; but men like Lysippus, Raphael, Titian, knew how to remove the barriers, to reconcile the real with the ideal—not merely to imitate, but to create and to free the given form, by passing it through their purifying ordeal, from all dross. All the works of Chantrey lie on this side of the line where Grecian art began, where beauty of form, and the ideal, in the true sense of the expression, appears as the ultimate aim, as the essence of art, the object of the artist.

Fountains Abbey.—About five in the morning I set out from Ripon for Studley Park. The park itself is but a very large, highly-improved portion of the entire landscape. The largest and finest trees, a crystal lake, a murmuring stream; nature everywhere tastefully combined with art; nothing rude, nothing over-refined. On a sudden turn in the road, the magnificent ruins of Fountains Abbey stood before me, towards which I hastened with my intelligent guide. I thought that I was entering the aisle of the church, but it was only the transept, and the extent and sublimity of the building again surprised me when I reached the intersection of the cross. An extremely lofty and slender column still supports two bold arches; the vaulted roof, which covered the centre, has fallen in. The ancient library, the vast refectory, the vaulted cloisters—they are not the ruins of a single edifice, but an astonishing assemblage of ruins of many splendid buildings. The solemn stillness, the beauty of the scenery, the ivy which mantled the walls and towers, presented an image of the bygone world of mind, and the fresh and youthful energy of nature. I have never seen ruins so grand and striking,—I might almost say, so full of thought and feeling.

I have never yet been able to feel any real enthusiasm for the remains of the corrupt ages of the Roman emperors. In the Colosseum I have always been reminded of the ill-fated Jews, who were forced to raise a pile for the Heathens, to prepare a triumph for the baser passions, by the combats of gladiators and wild beasts. How far otherwise is the case here! Solitary pilgrims arrive in the savage spot; they repose under the ancient trees, endure wants of every kind, in order to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Touched by their call, the soul bursts its fetters; gratitude hastens to rear a temple to the Lord; and the small band, united in the strong bonds of love, can effect more than an empire composed of conquered provinces. The grove of primæval trees finds its artificial and ennobled image, in the columns, branches, foliage, and wreaths of the churches and chapels; a destination, a style of architecture altogether different from the amphitheatres of Rome, Verona, or Nismes. They only prove that man can settle where he finds a convenient spot—but these structures testify, even in their ruins, that man must raise himself to God.

Some remains of Mosaic indicate the place where the high altar stood. Here, then, will many a one perhaps say, was the centre of superstition, of monkish indolence and ignorance; will thank heaven that it is all destroyed, or, at the most, remains as a favourable object in the scene for the landscape painter. But what will be left, in the lapse of ages, of the manufactories, rail-roads, and steam-engines? You accuse yourselves, when you speak thus of your ancestors. You cannot build, with cotton and muslin, vaulted roofs and pillars like those which exist here in monumental stone. How miserable, stunning, and stupifying is all the noise of your machinery, compared with the *Sanctus*, the *Gloria*, and the *Requiem eternam*, which still echo from every stone of these quiet ruins.

Schools.—No country, perhaps, possesses so many ancient, venerable institutions for the promotion of education as England; and yet, with the amplest means, the least is effected. The report of a parliamentary committee on the state of Education (1834) gives valuable information respecting the schools; it is founded on the questions which were put to 1500 overseers, and which they answered with the assistance of the clergy and the schoolmasters. Most of the schools belong to two great societies—the National, and the British and Foreign School Society. The bond which holds them together is, however, entirely dependent on their own discretion, and the similarity of certain principles which they have adopted. On the other hand, it includes neither dependence, nor superintendence, nor scientific direction, nor any form or positive code of regulations. It may be said, that they have only the same relation to each other as the Benedictine Convents in the middle ages, before the foundation of the great congregations. The main difference between the two societies is, that the National receives children of all denominations, even Jews; but the religious instruction is given wholly according to the doctrines of the Established Church. The British and Foreign Society, on the other hand, gives no religious instruction according to the doctrines of any one denomination, but contents itself with the reading and expounding suitable portions of the Bible. The two societies have lately become very extensive, and have encouraged and supported those who entered by little presents. But with this wholly voluntary attendance, no regular system for further extension can be prescribed or employed; neither are there any satisfactory institutions for the education of schoolmasters. The teachers sometimes receive a small salary, and sometimes they have only voluntary contributions to depend upon. The British Society, in consequence of the principle which it has adopted respecting religious instruction, enjoys no assistance or support from the clergy, and even for the National schools their co-operation is not legally enjoined. * *

As the number of day-schools was much too small, and the children employed for six days together in the fields and manufactories, did not attend them, the idea of having schools on Sundays was conceived. These Sunday schools have nearly doubled within the last fifteen years, and have certainly had a very good effect. The few hours, however, dedicated to learning, are but a poor substitute for a more comprehensive and solid school education, and though it is commendable that most of the teachers in the Sunday schools accept no remuneration, they are, on the other hand, unpractised and not properly trained for this profession. I find it stated that a million and a half of children visit the Sunday schools; but this estimate does not rest upon any accurate information, and, even were it correct, 100,000 Prussian children pass more hours in school than the million and a half of English children. We also have a more thorough insight into the deficiency of all these establishments, when we hear from Mr. Braidley, that, in spite of the instruction given gratis on Sunday, there are, perhaps, 15,000 children in Manchester that do not go to school. Mr. Braidley wishes for some compulsory means, and considers them to be practicable. Whether he is right or wrong in this, I can, by no means, decide; but it seems to me absurd to fear that every interference of the magistrate and the law must lead to the despotism of the ministers. They would not be able to introduce, by means of spelling, addition, multiplication, &c., a new system, reducing Great Britain to slavery. Those who relate terrible stories of these hobgoblins, do not, however, themselves believe them.

Undoubtedly much more might be done for education by means of the richly endowed schools, if they were kept in activity by moderate superintendence, and adapted to the wants of the age. All these defects of the public establishments of education give birth to a multitude of private boarding-schools. These are, of course, still less subject to any inspection or examination. Keeping school is considered as a free trade, which flourishes or goes to ruin according to the qualifications of the master. But arguments might surely be alleged to show why the school should be considered in a different light from the workshop of a shoemaker or tailor, and why the proof of a certain ability or qualification is here much more necessary than in other cases. *Fiat experimentum*, say they, *in corpore vili;* but here the experiments are often made on *precious bodies and souls*, that is, if the accusation be true, that in boarding-schools there is much corporal chastisement, and little attention to moral education. At all events, those who set up such schools are almost compelled to consider pecuniary advantage as a principal object, and thus, nearly all of them are exclusively for the children of the rich.

Still greater complaints have been made of the Gymnasia, especially of the celebrated Eton College, than of the schools. It is not my business *tantas componere lites;* I therefore add only a few words on this subject. The censure respects the small number of school hours (said to be only eleven in the week)—the tyranny which the elder scholars practise, in a scandalous manner, over the younger ones—the excessive exercise of mere memory—the constant assemblage of so many scholars in one hall, which causes interruptions, and makes it impossible for them to work and think in quiet retirement—the partial or unequal treatment of the rich and noble—the corporal punishments, till the pupils have risen into certain classes, and, above all, the limited number of the subjects taught, and the antiquated mode of teaching.

Many of these grounds of complaint have been denied, others excused, and others placed in a more favourable light; notwithstanding, the complainants persist in their accusations. * *

Without doubt, the instruction given in the German Gymnasia is far more various and comprehensive than in the English. * *

Nobody can approve less than I do the attacks made, in various quarters, on antiquity and our classical school education. Such persons would willingly have theological treatises read in the schools, instead of Homer, and the regulations for the police instead of Tacitus. But, on the other hand, if we would reduce these attacks to their own absurdity, and make them fall harmless to the ground, many persons must renounce their arrogance, as if they were born to be the leaders of the world, because they correct the errata in the immortal works of those great masters. He who admires only Greece and Rome, or only the Middle Ages, or modern times, is but half qualified for the education of youth, for understanding public affairs, and for managing the affairs of life. We cannot be either Indians or Egyptians, either Greeks or Romans—the study of their works is by no means designed to place us in a false position with respect to the claims and the objects of our own times. * * The school is not instituted to impose a narrow-minded patriotism, but, still less to inspire a superficial cosmopolitism, which busies itself with every thing in the world, rather than with its own under-valued home, or with the nature, the history, and the institutions of its own country. * *

From the facts which have been stated or alluded to, we may, I think, deduce the following results, or, at least, set up the following Theses for further disputation:—

1. It has had an injurious effect, that the government and the legislature do not pay any regard to schools, but leave everything to a voluntary system, which was so zealously opposed (and with justice), when an attempt was made to apply it to the Church.

2. Neither the number of schools, nor the subjects of instruction, are adapted to the wants of the present times.

3. There is an uncommonly large fund, derived from past times, and destined for schools, but it has by no means been always applied in the most judicious manner.

4. It is the duty of the State and the Church to take care of the schools, though the mode of proceeding may differ according to the character of the people, and the state of civilization.

M. Von Raumer here gives, from the Parliamentary Reports and other sources, a view

of the state of education in Scotland and Ireland, interspersed with observations of his own. With respect to the much-talked-of surplus revenue of the Irish Church, he says:—

The ministerial party represent it as large as possible, in order to gain votes in favour of a new mode of appropriating it; the opposition, on the other hand, deny that there is any surplus, in order to prevent strict investigation. But, if it is so certain that there is *no* surplus, why do they contend against investigation?—why do they at once represent it as useless? They ought rather to require and encourage it, in order to make their victory all the more secure: instead, however, of entering into the main questions, they find fault with some figures, and prove, what is a matter of course, that there are many mistakes. But what is a surplus? and what is necessary? If a Bishop receives, annually, 1000*l.* or 14,000*l.*—if a parish priest receives 20*l.* or 200*l.*—according as I assume, arbitrarily, the one or the other statement, I come to very different conclusions. Surely many things must be defective, when some clergymen receive enormous incomes, while others starve—when 535 places have no parsonage-houses—when 339 places have no resident clergymen—when many rectors have no congregations, and congregations no pastor.

The ministry is entirely in the right path, when it desires to remedy these crying abuses, whatever objections may be made to some of its proposals: but the ministry does not venture to tell the *whole* truth. It pertinaciously maintains the existence of a surplus, because it will not propose any other source of revenue, or point out any other means of support. Now, it must be granted that the supposed surplus may be greatly reduced, nay, perhaps wholly absorbed, by a more equal distribution among the Protestant clergy. But shall nothing more be done? shall no regard be had to the Roman Catholic Church, which, in comparison with the Protestant, is extremely poor? shall it, after having been entirely stripped, be referred to the voluntary system, which is justly considered as ruinous to the English Church? The property of the Protestant Church and schools, and the established application of it, are, in the eyes of one party, inviolable and sacred; nay, the two parts are so arbitrarily separated and opposed, that the school, in a bad sense, is excluded as secular, and the holder of a living as inviolate, though he may have no church and no parishioners. Many have argued themselves into such a confusion of principles, calculations, assertions, and denials—have aimed at all objects, and talked of all things, only not of true religion and genuine Christianity. Sons, brothers, cousins, church livings, money, ministerial places, inspire too many orators, and *not* the highest commandment, charity and toleration. Now that Great Britain and Ireland have become one state, and that, politically speaking, all opposition between Catholics and Protestants is removed, provision ought to be made for the church and schools of the former. Prussia has not only asserted this principle, but carried it into execution; therefore, there is peace and harmony among the adherents of all religious principles, and equal love for the king, the government, and the country.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Sketches by Boz*, with Illustrations, by George Cruikshank.' 2 vols.—Many of the papers in this collection have appeared before. They are well characterized by the writer, as illustrative of every-day life, and every-day people. There are scenes and characters sketched with admirable truth; but a suspicion crossed our minds during the perusal, whether the subjects were always worthy of the artistic skill and power of the writer; some of the papers, however, are excellent.

'*The Parliamentary Guide*, by R. B. Mosse, Esq. Parliamentary agent.'—Works of this class must in a great degree be taken on trust; the critic can do little more than announce what they profess to contain; to examine them carefully, would be hardly less laborious than to compile them. Among the claims of the 'Parliamentary Guide' on public patronage, is a list of members of Parliament, with "an account of their connexions, literary and political pursuits," &c. Such a table could not fail to be useful, but its use must depend on its accuracy. In proof then of the perfect competence, of the skill and ability of the compiler, "R. B. Mosse, Esq. Parliamentary agent," let the following serve: "Nicholas William Ridley Colborn, &c. married June 14th, 1808, Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable *Thomas* Steele, joint-secretary of the Treasury, in 1784, *and a joint contributor, with Mr. Addison, to the papers in 'The Spectator'!*

'*The Parliamentary Vote Book.*'—A work of the same class as the preceding, but though it contains much that is useful, we have not found anything in it so curious and interesting, as the biographical particulars above given.

List of New Books.—Ben Brace, the last of Nelson's Agamemnons, by Capt. F. Chamier, R.N. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*—Basket of Fragments, 2 vols. in one, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Modern Accomplishments, by Catherine Sinclair, cr. 8vo. 7*s.*—Dale's Poetical Works, fc. 9*s.*—The Diamond Florist, 64mo. 4*s.* embossed.—Picturesque Sketches of Landscape and Coast Scenery of Ireland, Vol. I. 4to. 42*s.*—A Journal of the late Rev. G. Milward, 12mo. 2*s.*—Memoirs of the late Rev. H. Venn, 4th edit. 8vo. 12*s.*—Cressingham Rectory, by E. A. Hendry, 12mo. 3*s.*—The Chronology of the Old Testament, by G. Skene, Esq. 18mo. 3*s.*—The Life and Voyages of Capt. James Cook, by the Rev. G. Young, A.M. 12mo. 6*s.*—A Key to Bland's Algebraical Problems, new edit. 8vo. 9*s.*—Mountain Melodies, and other Poems, by Thomas Eagles, 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*—Ewald's Hebrew Grammar, translated by J. Nicholson, A.B. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Mosse's Parliamentary Guide, 18mo. 4*s.*; ditto, with Standing Orders, 18mo. 6*s.*—Southey's Cowper, Vol. II. fc. 5*s.*—Mant's Book of Family Prayer, 12mo. 3*s.*—Daniel's Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks Interpreted, by a Layman, 12mo. 5*s.*—A View of the Creation of the World, in Illustration of the Mosaic Record, by the Rev. C. J. Burton, M.A. 8vo. 9*s.*—Kaye's Account of the Writings and Opinions of Justin Martyr, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Original, by Thomas Walker, M.A. 2nd edit. 8vo. 8*s.*—The Deserter, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 4*s.*—Heaven Anticipated, or the Present Time influenced by the Prospect of Future Felicity, by Joseph Freeman, 18mo. 3*s.*—A Treatise on the Law of Adulterine Bastardy, with a Report of the Banbury Case, by Sir H. Nicolas, 8vo. 21*s.*—The Young Man's Companion in the World, 18mo. 2nd edit. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Ellen Walsingham; or, Growth in Grace, fc. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Kidd's Chesterfield, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Immanuel the Christian's Joy, by J. G. Pike, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Sceptic, and other Poems, by Leigh Cliffe, 12mo. 5*s.*—Scenes in Craven, by the Rev. J. L. Armstrong, fc. 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Beauties of Shakspeare in English and German, interpaged, 2 vols. 18mo. 6*s.*—Sketches by Boz, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*—Youngman's Cruden's Concordance, royal 8vo. 15*s.*—The Bride's Melody, or Songs within the Veil, by the Rev. J. W. Tomlinson, A.M. fc. 3*s.*—Blunt's Our Saviour, Part I. new edit. fc. 5*s.* 6*d.*

ORIGINAL PAPERS

CAPT. JAMES ROSS.

It has been made known, by the daily papers, that the *Cove*, in which Capt. James Ross sailed for the relief of the imprisoned whalers, has been forced back, by stress of weather, to Stromness. The following is an extract from a letter, from an officer on board the *Cove*, giving some particulars of the storm in which she suffered, the extent of damage, and announcing the gratifying intelligence, that they hoped to start again by the 13th.

"*Cove, 8th Feb.*—The progress we are making in repairing the damages we have sustained, assures me, that in a few days we shall be fairly at it again. It is quite impossible to convey any idea of the continued violence of the gales we have had to contend against: I never saw so fine a sea-boat as the *Cove*; she rode over the mountain waves most beautifully, and without shipping a drop of water, until the fatal sea struck her on the bow, which swept away the bowsprit, and otherwise did the ship so much damage, as to render our return to port imperatively necessary. We had just passed the meridian of Iceland, when the last gale came on: it blew a perfect hurricane for two days before we lost our bowsprit, and then, being obliged to run before the gale, to save our fore-mast, it followed us, for three days, in all its violence, and brought us within 400 miles of the land; so that we run back, in seven days, a distance it had taken us seventeen to gain. It is a most unfortunate business, but there is no contending against the climate. Had the *Cove* been an ordinary vessel, she must have been destroyed, the shock was so severe, as its effects, subjoined, will show. We were only under storm staysails when struck, and expected every moment to see them blown from the bolt-rope, so violent was the gale. ** Our bowsprit will be in to-night, and the other repairs completed, it is thought, by the 13th, when we shall again start.

"The following is the surveyor's report of our state when we returned:—'The bowsprit has been carried away—the gammoning-knee shattered—the cut-water twisted from the stern-head to the water's edge—the head-knees broken—both hawse-pieces started — some treenails started — the breastwork below the bowsprit and hawse-timbers strained—several iron-knees completely broken—four beams and knees, on the lower deck, much strained—and, in a word, the whole ship, from the stern to the waist, strained, all by one sea.'"

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The bitter winds that, for the last many days, have been anticipating March, must have had a power over books, as well as buds: one single volume only has ventured to peep out; and, of all the rumours of novelty which we have collected from time to time, not one has yet been converted from promise into performance. The list of works in progress may be lengthened by two pleasant announcements; the first is, a new edition of the Dramatic Works of that fine old Elizabethan writer, Thomas Middleton, under the superintendence of the Rev. A. Dyce—the second is the Life (and we hope Correspondence) of the late Bishop Jebb, by the Rev. C. Forster, formerly his domestic chaplain. To ourselves, this temporary stagnation is anything but embarrassing; we suppose, however, that we shall have to pay for the present accommodation by a proportionate hurry hereafter. As there is so little to be said concerning books, we may advert to the further patronage recently extended to Literature in the yearly pension of 150*l.*, granted to Mr. Banim. No less welcome is the bounty of 150*l.*, which has been transmitted to Mrs. Hogg from the same source. The feeling which prompts these benefactions, is far more valuable as a sign of the times, than even the relief and comfort afforded by them.

Do the bitter winds before mentioned keep the doors of the Opera House closed, as well as of the publishers? The season is advancing, the first Philharmonic Concert being appointed for Monday next. It is impossible to mention the Opera, and forget the sad news (the papers are our authority) of Madame Schroeder Devrient's death. We had hoped again to hear "the queen of tears," as she was once truly styled, in distinction from Pasta, "the queen of terrors." The music of Germany has no ordinary loss in her talent; she was alone on its stage, and it will be long before Euryanthe and Leonora find again so gifted a representative. The same papers have been speaking of a Mademoiselle Carle, whose *début* is said to have made a sensation in Germany; it would give us pleasure to hear of ten good rising singers, instead of one, for they are eminently needed, if report speaks the truth.

A band of City musicians (the Cecilian Society), who hold their meetings in the *Ultima Thule* of Moorgate, assisted by Miss C. Novello, Miss Birch, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Purday, &c., gave Handel's 'Israel in Egypt,' on Wednesday last, in very creditable style. Some of the choruses went exceedingly well, and the band was better than might have been expected, it being, we are told, chiefly amateur. It would be superfluous to enter into a detailed notice of the performance, our wish being rather to commend and encourage the progress of these minor societies, as widely and intelligently diffusing a taste for the art among the middle classes, than to weary our readers by anatomizing well-known works, and pointing out inevitable faults.

We have just received, through Mr. Kennett, the January number of the *North American Review*. It promised at one time to be a choice treasure for the Bibliomaniacs, as the *Hibernia* packet-ship, which brought over the general supply, caught fire at Liverpool, and all attempts to extinguish it having failed, she was scuttled and sunk. We have, however, since learned, that the bale has been fished up, and that persons are employed in unfolding and drying the least injured copies, and that some few will certainly be saved, and may be expected to reach London in about a fortnight. It is a fair average number: the most interesting article to us Englishmen is one on a new Life of Sir Harry Vane, published in the Library of American Biography; and we so heartily concur in all the writer says in its favour,

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that our apology for having deferred a notice of it is our unwillingness to dismiss it briefly. Justice is also done, in another paper, to the memory of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, which, we are quite sure, will be welcome and gratifying to his accomplished daughter.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS, is Open daily from 10 in the Morning till 5 in the Evening.—Admission 1s.: Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

TITIAN'S VENUS, confessedly, by all writers on the subject, the chef-d'œuvre of art, is NOW on VIEW, at the St. James's Gallery, for the Sale of Paintings, No. 56, Pall Mall, opposite the entrance to Marlborough House. Admission, 1s.—A full description of this wonderful picture, and the singular circumstances connected with its discovery and preservation, are now published in a pamphlet, price 6d.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 11.—Sir William Molesworth was admitted, and David Baillie, Esq. and Dr. Archibald Robertson were elected, Fellows.

A paper was read, entitled, 'On Voltaic Combinations,' by John Frederick Daniell, Esq., Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London.

Feb. 18.—Francis Baily, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair. John Green Cross, Esq. was elected, and the Astronomer Royal, and D. Grant were admitted, Fellows.

The reading of the paper on Voltaic Combinations, by John Frederick Daniell, Esq. F.R.S. was concluded.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Since our last report there have been submitted to the Society a fragment of a mosaic pavement, some coins, and other antiquities, discovered at Aquileia;—a lorica, or British corslet of gold, found at Mold in Flintshire, under a mound of stones called Brin yr Ellylon, or the Mound of Spirits; it weighed seventeen ounces, and its intrinsic value was said to be about 60*l.*;—a lithographic copy of a pen and ink caricature sketch of the age of Henry III., from one of the rolls in the Pell Office, and drawings of some fictile vases and lamps found in the tombs of the ancient Incas of Peru. Mr. Collier has also communicated some information relating to Sir Francis Bryan and family, and a copy of another Miracle Play, 'The Advent of Antichrist'—Sir Frederick Madden, a curious document, entitled, 'The Apparel for the Field of a Baron in his Sovereign's Company,' supposed to be an inventory of the military equipments of Henry, fifth Earl of Northumberland—and letters have been read from a MS. volume of State Papers, communicated to the Society by Mr. Hallam, addressed by Archbishop Warham, and Bishop Tunstall, to Wolsey, and setting forth the difficulties experienced in raising a forced loan from the clergy. But, the most important communication has been from Sir Francis Palgrave, relating to the discovery of some highly interesting State Papers, discovered in the Exchequer, having reference to the disputed claims of Bruce and Balliol to the Scottish throne. The facts are so important, that we intend to give, without abridgment, the paper read at the meeting on Monday last, and addressed to Hudson Gurney, Esq.

Sir Francis began by observing, that, in his recent communication, he had given a statement of the general purport of the documents relating to the early history of Scotland, preserved in the Treasury of the Exchequer, hitherto inedited, but now in course of publication by His Majesty's Commissioners of the Public Records, and that he now proposed to give a more ample detail of the facts which they disclose.

It will be recollected by those who have read the great roll of Scotland, that Bruce, the competitor, when he appeared before the auditors at Norham, alleged, that he claimed under an hereditary title, confirmed by law. He states, that Alexander II., despairing of heirs of his own body, had, in case of such default of issue, and by consent of the *probi homines* of the kingdom, adjudged him, Bruce to be heir, and declared him to be such, before the *probi homines*, of whom many were yet alive, and would bear testimony to the fact, "tenuit dictum Robertum rectum hæredem suum si ipse decederet sine alio hærede de corpore suo habendo, et pro tali diffinivit de assensu proborum hominum de regno suo et pro tali ipsum pronunciant coram eis, de quibus plures sunt adhuc superstites, qui de hoc testimonium poterunt perhibere." Balliol, in his replication, without making a direct traverse or denial of the allegation, argues, that the descent of the crown to Alexander III., who was born after this declaration made by Alexander II., avoided its effect. And, when the question between Bruce and Balliol was finally propounded by Edward to the auditors, he treated it as a case to be determined simply by the laws of inheritance, and to be regulated by descent and consanguinity, wholly abstaining from any notice of the proceedings ascribed to the Scottish king. The omission of the fact in the summing up, thus made by "the supreme Lord of Scotland," sufficiently points out its importance; yet, the declaration of Alexander II. has scarcely been noticed by any of our historians. The Tory Brady, the Whig Tyrrel, the eloquent Hume, and our able contemporaries, Turner and Lingard, (Sir Francis observed,) pass over the allegation made by Bruce in total silence. The Jacobite, Carte, considers the assertion "as a mere pretence." Mr. Fraser Tytler, in his excellent History of Scotland, dismisses the fact without comment; and the only writer who meets the question, is Lord Hailes, and he opposes it by the following reply: "The argument of Bruce is confidently urged, and feebly opposed. Balliol's council ought to have answered first. The opinion of Alexander II., supposing it to have been given, cannot vary the rules of succession. The proof offered is inadmissible. The constitution of Scotland, and the fate of its competitors, must not depend upon the *testimony of witnesses*, concerning words occasionally heard more than half a century ago. If Alexander II. had any intention of establishing the succession in favour of the descendants of the second daughter of his uncle, the Earl of Huntingdon, it was a measure necessary to have been proposed in the great council of the nation, but it was not. The situation of Alexander II. renders it incredible that he ever uttered the words ascribed to him by Bruce, and which he pretends to prove by the evidence of witnesses certainly superannuated, probably not impartial."

Now, the main argument thus raised by Lord Hailes—namely, that the settlement made by Alexander II. was a loose verbal declaration, destitute of legislative or judicial sanction, is, in part, Sir Francis observed, refuted by the documents which, even then, were before him; nor did he sufficiently weigh and consider the expressions which they employ. He considered it strange that this learned writer, so conversant with the ancient constitutional language, should have rendered the passages which I have quoted above as an "opinion," carelessly given before witnesses, and that in the *probi homines* of the kingdom, he should have failed to recognize the great council of the nation, for, as observed by Sir Francis, the term, "*probi homines*" is never employed otherwise than *technically*, and as indicating some class of persons known to the laws. And this omission, on the part of Lord Hailes, was the more remarkable, since Balliol, in reciting the allegation of Bruce, alters the language of the document, by substituting the word Barons for "*probi homines*." Et quoad hoc quod prædictus Robertus dicit, quod Alexander Rex Scotiæ, filius Regis Willielmi, tenuit eum pro proximiore hærede suo, et pro tali eum coram *Baronibus suis* recognovit." The petition here quoted appears on the published roll, but it is very important to remark, that the original petition of Bruce, written in French, and of which some fragments are extant, is much more ample in its details than the Latin instrument. In this document (which will also be published by the Record Commission), it is stated, that Alexander made his declaration by assent of his bishops, earls, and baronage. The replication, therefore, of Balliol, as entered upon the roll, refers to this original petition, and not to the abstract which Master John of Caen, the notary, has substituted in its place. And, Sir Francis added, that there is reason to suspect, that the manner in which this functionary has compressed or suppressed other portions of the original petition, affords reason for suspecting that he did not entirely act without design.

If any doubt could still remain, it would be removed by the most curious inedited document designated by Sir Francis as the minutes of a notarial protocol. The statements which it contains are to the following effect: the prospect of Alexander's death, without issue, having occasioned dissensions or conflicting claims, the King assembled the nobles and magnates of the kingdom of Scotland, and other clerks and laymen, as many as he could assemble together: "et congregare fecit et adunare nobiles et magnates regni Scotiæ, episcopos et alios clericos et laicos, quot congregare potuit;" and he declared to them the state of the royal family, that he had no issue of his body, but that Earl David, his uncle, had had three daughters. "The first of these daughters hath a daughter, the second hath a son." And he enjoined them all, by the faith, fealty, and homage, in which they held to him, that they should adjudicate to whom the inheritance belonged, whether to the daughter of the elder daughter, or to the son of the second daughter.

Upon the charge so given by King Alexander, they discussed the question; and, having adjudged that the male heir by the second daughter was to be preferred to the female by the first daughter, they all, clerks as well as laymen, declared the same to King Alexander as a true judgment; which judgment, having thus been given by them, and accepted by the King, he took Robert Bruce, the Lord of Annandale who now is, by the hand, and, as his true and lawful heir, presented him to all his nobles and magnates, as well clerks as laymen. By command of Alexander II., and in his presence, all the magnates—"omnes prædicti magnates, quod quot ibi interfuerunt"—then took their corporal oaths of allegiance to Robert Bruce upon the Holy Gospels, and the whole transaction was entered and written upon the rolls of the Treasury of the Scottish King, and sealed with the great seal of the King, and the seals of the bishops and other great men there present.

Such are the facts relating to this proceeding, as collected from the inedited instruments. The inedited petition of Bruce adds the further information, that the settlement was thus made by Alexander II. "quant il ala en guerre sur les idles," an expedition of which we do not find any trace in the existing sources of Scottish history.

The rights of Bruce, Sir Francis observes, had thus received the fullest sanction, which the law or the constitution of the Scottish monarchy could afford. The supreme council of the nation is convened to adjudicate upon the succession. To them, the sovereign presents, not a testamentary declaration for their approval, but a dubious case for their judgment. Such judgment is given unanimously, and the King submits to the decision of the assembly. Bruce, the heir, accepted by the sovereign, receives the oaths and homages of his future subjects, and the whole transaction is intrusted, not merely to the memory of the witnesses, but to the records of the realm.

But, though the recognition had thus been made by the sovereign, and accepted by the legislature, still, when the throne actually became vacant, the title of the heir was to be perfected by and through the ministration of another tribunal; it was to be ratified by the judgment of the Seven Earls of Scotland, to whom this function belonged. All other notices of the Court of the Seven Earls have perished in the general wreck of the Scottish Records and Scottish history, and from these documents alone do we ascertain the existence of this council, and the station which it held. "By the laws and customs of the kingdom of Scotland, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—these are the very words of the record—"it appertains to the rights and franchises of the *Seven Earls of Scotland*, and the *Communitas* of the said realm, whenever the royal seat becomes vacant in law and fact—quandocumque sedes Regia de jure et de facto vacaverit—to constitute the king, and instal him in the royal seat, and to confer upon him the prerogatives belonging to the kingdom of Scotland."

It appears from another inedited document (which will also be published by the Record Committee), a letter without signature or superscription, but probably addressed by Bruce to the Council of Edward I., that *the* seven Earls of Scotland, "*les* sept Countes d'Escoce," were sworn for the due observance of a treaty made between David I., and the King of England. And when we connect the two characters in which they appear, as judges of the right *to* the crown, and the guarantees of the compacts made *by* the sovereign, we can scarcely refuse to admit (Sir Francis observed,) that they existed as a supreme branch in the constitution of the Scottish monarchy.

Of the seven Earls, two only are named in the instrument: the Earl of Fife, who had the privilege of installing the Scottish king on the stone of Scone, and Donald, Earl of Mar. With respect to the other five, Sir Francis says he can only conjecture, that, inasmuch as more than seven Earls can be traced at that period, amidst the obscure twilight of the Scottish pedigrees, the whole seven constituted a class elevated by peculiar privileges above the other members of the Earldom, who would otherwise have been their equals in the political hierarchy. Nor is, as Sir Francis continues, such a distinction an unprecedented singularity in the history of ancient governments. The seven lay peers of France, † and the seven electors of the empire, may equally exemplify the privileges which the seven Scottish Earls had gained. Yet, Sir Francis observes, that, in these privileges, he would most carefully guard against the conjecture, that, like their seven compeers in the Romano-Germanic commonwealth, they possessed any elective powers, properly so called; and Sir Francis denies that they could travel out of the right royal line in search of a sovereign. And he considers that their functions must be considered as judicial, and principally applicable to those cases when, upon the death of a king without lineal descendants, the absence of any well-defined canon of inheritance to collaterals, would render the succession a contest between the heirs of royal blood. The seven Earls would have to act judicially, not as invested with a discretionary power; and if they had been convened upon the death of the maid of Norway, they would have had to decide upon the question, whether the declaration of Alexander II. had been duly and legally made, or perhaps whether, according to the principles of Tanistry, Bruce could be considered as the more worthy heir.

This ancient tribunal, however, was disregarded; the constitutional laws of Scotland were broken by the intrigues of the "custodes," and, in equal violation of the privileges and franchises of the seven Earls, and of the rights of Robert Bruce, an attempt was making or had been made by William Fraser, Bishop of St. Andrews, and John Comyn, to bestow the kingdom upon Balliol; and thus does the Bruce address the prelate and his colleague: "Dominum Johannem de Balliole Regem in Regno Scotiæ facere et jura et honores regiminis Regni ei attribuere intenditio et propositis;" and thus, whilst the bishop was recommending the interests of Balliol to Edward I. in England, he and Comyn, together with a small number of associates, "aliqui de Regno Scotiæ vobis et voluntati vestra consentientes," were taking the most effectual means at home, for the purpose of placing Balliol upon the throne.

Against this usurped authority, Bruce appeals. He sets forth the franchises of the seven Earls; he declares their lawful jurisdiction, and as well to preserve his right as theirs, he acts exactly like his predecessors, Malcolm III., Duncan II., and Edgar, and he affords one more example of a claimant to the Scottish crown, seeking the aid of the Basileus or the Bretwald. Bruce places himself, without hesitation, beneath the protection of their successor in the imperial authority, the English king: "ideoque nos ob defectum vestrum et injuriam per vos, nobis et prædictis Septem Comitibus illatam, pro jure nostro quod habemus in regimine Regni Scotiæ et pro jure prædictorum Septem Comitum prosequendo et obtinendo, præsentiam Domini Edwardi Dei Gratiæ Regis Angliæ illustris et Coronam Angliæ regiam, in his scriptis appellamus." Bruce therefore himself was the great instigator of Edward's interference; and Sir Francis concludes his paper by observing, that, whatever may be thought of the ambition of the monarch, it is impossible to deny that, upon every principle of public law, he was fully justified in exerting an authority which either competitor, or the partizans of either competitor, thus joined in urging him to assume.

Ashmolean Society, Oxford, *Feb. 5.*—The President, Professor Wilson, in the chair.—A paper was read by Professor Powell, 'On the Theory of Ratios and Proportion.' The object of this communication was to discuss the different views which have prevailed amongst mathematical writers on the subject, and to deduce one, which the author considers will more satisfactorily elucidate the nature of proportion, as treated by Euclid, and remove the difficulties and objections which have been alleged. He conceives the essential distinction to be, that Euclid's object was to discuss the doctrine with a careful avoidance of all reference to the idea of *number*, as involved in the conception of Ratio and Proportion. The investigation in the 5th book therefore proceeds by, what many writers have thought, an unnecessarily circuitous and complex method, but the necessity for which is found in the above consideration. He discussed the arguments of Sir J. Leslie, and other mathematicians on the opposite side; and concluded with some observations on the nature of compound Ratios, upholding the views of Dr. R. Simson, and contending, that the whole investigation refers to *quantity*, considered in its most general and abstract sense.

An anonymous paper was read, on 'Flamsteed, Newton, and Halley,' having reference to Mr. Baily's late publication of Flamsteed's Papers, &c., and referring to Mr. Whewell's pamphlet and the articles in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*.

† This was their original number; but the county of Paris being united to the crown, in the person of Hugh Capet, six ecclesiastical peers were afterwards added to the six remaining laymen.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Sat.	Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight.
Mon.	Geographical Society	Nine.
	Royal Academy (*Lect. on Sculpture*)	Eight.
Tues.	Medical and Chirurgical Society	½ p. Eight.
	Civil Engineers	Eight.
	Zoological Society (*Scient. business*)	½ p. Eight.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight.
Wed.	Society of Arts	½ p. Seven.
	Geological	½ p. Eight.
Thur.	Royal Society	½ p. Eight.
	Antiquarian Society	Eight.
	Society of Literature	Four.
	Royal Academy (*Lect. on Painting*)	Eight.
Frid.	Royal Institution	½ p. Eight.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Our first impression upon visiting this Exhibition was unfavourable: the *stars* appeared, generally, to be pictures which had already gained their fame elsewhere, and we missed some names which are associated in our recollection with excellent performances. On descending, however, to careful and minute examination, we were inclined to remit something of our first judgment. Much that was faithful in outline, and appropriate in expression, and happy in colouring, disclosed itself in nooks and corners, passed over at the first hasty glance.

Among the new historical pictures, the place of honour must, we suppose, be given to Mr. M'Clise's *First Interview of Henry the Eighth and Ann Boleyn* (61); it is quieter both in its fancy and arrangement than most of this clever artist's former works. The splendid, amorous giant has withdrawn the maiden to a short distance from the principal crowd of masquers, and is inviting her, with a look of royal command and admiration, to pledge him from a golden cup presented to him by a page. Ann Boleyn, however, is here something too much of the "simplicity 'oman" for history; even in the midst of the blushing confusion of a first interview, the artist might have insinuated a touch of that sprightliness which made her laughingly span "her little neck" when she was warned that the hour of her execution was approaching. The attendant figures are graceful and spirited, without extravagance; and the *nosegay* of musicians in the upper gallery, contains some choice specimens of heads.

We have nothing new to say of the same artist's *Vow of the Peacock*, or of Mr. Hart's *Youth of King Alfred*, or of Mr. Turner's magnificent *dreams* (for realities the two landscapes exhibited here assuredly are not). Mr. Patten has contributed a *Venus caressing a favourite Dove* (15), of a calm and luxurious beauty, though resembling too closely his former mythological figures. Mr. Etty, a small picture of great power and richness of colour, *The Prodigal Son* (225). The desponding outcast is seated on a rude bank, with his head clasped in his hands—but unkempt and forlorn as he is, there is something of grace and repentance which speaks of the past and future—reminding us of his gentle nurture, and promising us his return to that house where "there is bread enough and to spare."

Descending a step in the scale of subject, we must further mention, as among the best things in the room, Mr. Rothwell's *Nobil Donna* (312), a sweet and delicately-painted head, which we should rather have styled *Graziosa*—the portrait, however, is probably one of some titled lady, and therefore correct in its epithet. We were pleased, too, with the same artist's *Head of a Contadina* (92)—and this brings us naturally to Mr. Uwins' *Boy's Song* (133), a group from the shores of the bay of Naples; the minstrel's attitude is a little operatic, and we are not satisfied with the girl in the centre; his other listener is much more attractive, characteristic, and (if our memory fail not) correctly drawn. We must pass over many things we heard commended—Mr. Boaden's *Juliet* (213) among the number—and Miss Fanny Corbaux's rather gaudy *Namouna and Nourmahal* (124). Mr. J. Nash's last scene from Woodstock, *Sir Henry Lee and his family witnessing the triumphal return of King Charles the Second* (564), is clever, but not quite true to the story; the group is too far removed from the procession: and we will not believe that sweet high-minded Alice Lee ever grew up into that Dutch-looking matron in yellow satin, who stands spread out in all her bravery by the side of the loyal old cavalier. Little space will suffice for our commendation of some tiny *Watteauish* groups, by Mr. Franklin; to say the truth, we are beginning to weary of terrace gardens and alcoves, and peacocks, and guitars, and lovers in lace and feathers. Mr. G. Lewis's *Harvesting* (109) is full of life—but rather the life of the Tarantella and Bolero than of our cooler-blooded peasantry; the dresses and scene are native, but the countenances and attitudes are exotic. But we have kept one of the best things in the gallery to conclude this portion of our report; of course we mean Mr. E. Landseer's *Comical Dogs* (10). We are perplexed to know whether more to admire the fun of the *party* (to speak as the diplomats do) in the grandmother's cap, with the stump of a pipe in his mouth, or the drier humour of him in the shepherd's bonnet, with the mull *at his paws*. This picture is sure to attract many gazers—who will forget the slightness of its execution in the quaintness of its design.

The landscapes, though the best part of the Exhibition, contain few features which bear writing down in detail. All those who love nature in her richest aspect, and delight in contemplating wide expanses of old wood, and quiet lilied pools, will do well to seek for the landscapes of Mr. Lee. *Stony-path Castle, East Lothian* (126), is one of the best; hardly less excellent is his view of *Whittinghame* (403), and the subject was very difficult to handle without becoming monotonous. His *Stormy Weather* (341), a pier, with the usual accompaniments of an angry sea, a scowling heaven, and a few figures braving their inclemency in pursuit of their calling, is a fine picture, in a sterner manner. After these we may mention Mr. Stark's two landscapes (175 and 194)—but while we own that great merit is required to render such bleak and forlorn scenery attractive as a picture, we may ask, whether the same skill might not be better applied to a more genial class of subjects. Mr. Vickars's cabinet landscapes are no less clever and unforced than the above. (192), *A Canal Scene, near Dunkirk*, is a gem of its class; in a larger field, as, for instance, the *Cracow* (433), his hand becomes timid, and his colouring feeble; and yet we would rather want this force than be oppressed by such a glaring superabundance of purple, green, and orange, as is to be found in certain pictures we could particularize. We cannot attempt a separate notice of all Mr. Sydney Cooper's excellent cattle pieces; we must, however, speak of one landscape to which he has contributed the "stock"; we mean (196), Mr. Pyne's *Clifton, from the Ashton Meadows*. Lastly, we must take our leave, by mentioning with warmest praise the architectural scenes of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jones: the former was never happier in subject or in execution, than in the fantastic, gorgeous, elaborate *Entrance to the North Transept, Cathedral of Burgos* (238); the latter has also contributed two excellent little pictures, of which we prefer 26, *The Market Place at Peronne*.

XUM

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE PROVOST OF BRUGES; & THE JEWESS.
On Monday, THE PROVOST OF BRUGES; & THE BRONZE HORSE.
Tuesday, THE PROVOST OF BRUGES; and THE JEWESS.
Wednesday, An entirely Novel MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Vocal Society.—The second of these meetings was (we regret to say it) but a dull concert. The finest compositions, which formed a part of its scheme, failed in effect; the sacred, from the want of sufficient proportion in the voices employed—the secular (with two exceptions) from the inefficiency of the singers—and both from the incompetence of the orchestra. In the former, we felt the predominance of boy-*soprani* give a certain feebleness and crudity of tone even to the madrigals, in which they are best practised: in Mendelsohn's *great* Motett—an 'Ave Maria,' adapted to English words, which well deserves the epithet—we particularly missed that rich clearness with which a sufficient number of female singers always *crown* a chorus: the same in Mozart's Anthem, which opened the second part;—this, too, is a fine composition, though noisier and less dignified than other of his scattered sacred works, which have reached this country. The concert was opened with Battishill's Anthem, 'Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is!' Then Miss Woodyatt, Messrs. Moxley, Hawkins, Bellamy, and E. Taylor, gave us Calcott's fine glee, 'O snatch me swift.' Miss Woodyatt wants the decision of style and purity of tone so requisite in the leading of concerted music. Mrs. E. Seguin was not happy in her grand *Scena* from 'Cosi fan tutte,' it lies beyond her powers of execution and expression; and she appeared to much greater advantage in the duet from 'Faust,' which she afterwards sung with Mr. Balfe. The first Madrigal performed was 'The Lady Oriana,' by Wilbye;—the other (in the second act) by Alessandro Striggio, 'No din of rolling drum or trumpet sounding,' has a fine romantic boldness in its music, which, with its *refrain* ('Faint heart did never win a fair ladye'), took us back at once to the days of jingling spurs and plumed hats, and "the unloveliness of love-locks:" the propriety of character, to be found in this old music, might have been followed with advantage by some of our later writers. But we have been led away from the first part of the Concert, and must add, that Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Turle, and Bradbury, sung Horsley's 'By Celia's arbour,' very sweetly. Mr. Hobbs then sung rather a tame air from one of Handel's Chandos Anthems, and the act concluded with a Sestetto, from the 'Haunted Tower,'—'By mutual love delighted,' this is brisk, and a little vulgar in its commencement, but improves towards its close. Between the acts, Lindley played a *pasticcio*, not wholly, we suspect, by Dotzauer, but it was excellently well performed, and acknowledged by the audience with great applause. In the second act, after Mozart's Motett, came a sickly glee by Webbe, 'Wanton gales that fondly play,' only redeemed by the energy of its last stanza: we ought to say, however, that it went very well. Miss Hawes was not so successful as usual in Mr. Clifton's Canzonet, 'If music be the food of love;' then came the Madrigal, and the concert closed (as far as we are concerned) just as Mr. Balfe was unanimously recalled to repeat Mozart's glorious 'Madamina.' This gentleman may very soon stand at the head of our English bass singers, if he be not there already—in right of quality of voice, soundness of style, and, skill of execution. We believe and hope that he will take that place, because he gives himself up to his music like one to whom his art was more of a pleasure than a profession.

Drury Lane.—We were prevented from noticing the tragedy at this house last week. It is but just to the author of an extremely clever production to state, that the omission arose from no want of a due appreciation of his merits on our part. We believe, that we could give his name, but as he has, for some reason best known to himself, studiously endeavoured to conceal it, we know not why we should drag him before the public against his will. He has fairly won his honours *before* the curtain, and he has a right to enjoy them quietly *behind* it. 'The Provost of Bruges' is founded in part upon Flemish history. The time chosen is the early part of the 12th century, when Charles XIII. surnamed "the good," was Count of Flanders. This Charles was the son of Canute, King of Denmark. He succeeded Baldwin VII. in 1119, and was murdered in 1127, in the church of Saint Donas, during a popular tumult. Although grounded on historical facts, this play is more of a domestic than historical caste. *Bertulphe* (Mr. Macready), a popular magistrate, has worked his way up to the dignity of provost, and has been for years the bosom counsellor of *Charles*, (Mr. Diddear). He has an envious rival in the person of *Thancmar*, a noble, (Mr. Warde), who also has considerable influence with the Count, and who uses it during a temporary absence of *Bertulphe*, to obtain the revival of certain obsolete laws against the serfs. His object is soon apparent; he has learned from an old miser, *Philippe* (Mr. Meadows), the sole living depositary of the secret, that *Bertulphe* was born a serf. From this it results that *Bouchard* (Mr. Cooper), another noble, who has married *Constance* (Miss Ellen Tree), the daughter of *Bertulphe*, has by that act incurred the penalty and degradation of servitude. *Bertulphe* and *Bouchard* are called upon to resign their honours, and become the serfs of *Thancmar*. This brings them into direct hostility with the reigning Count, and, a simultaneous rising of the serfs taking place, the public and private quarrels are carried on at the same time, the interest of the former being made subservient to that of the latter. In the end *Charles* is murdered by the Provost, *Thancmar* is slain in combat by *Bouchard*, who lives but to tell the tale, and *Bertulphe* kills himself to avoid falling into the hands of justice; *Constance* having previously died mad. It has been objected against this tragedy, that it wants a moral;—we do not join in the objection. It gives a stirring and a powerful picture of events, true, or bearing the impress of truth, at the period in which the scene is laid; the interest never flags from the commencement to the close; and although justice is not administered with so careful a hand as that all are rewarded or punished in exact accordance with their deserts, the lesson has enough of usefulness for those who need or seek one, and probability is less violated than otherwise it would be. The language, though it does not present much novelty in the way of imagery, is very far above the common, being (as well as we could hear it, for we have not yet read it,) always harmonious and correct, and sometimes highly poetical. The incidents are numerous and exciting, although sometimes abrupt, and the situations are for the most part admirable. The scene between *Bouchard* and his father-in-law, *Bertulphe*, in which the former upbraids the latter with having caused his destruction by permitting the union with his daughter, and the last scene between *Bertulphe* and the Count, are among the most powerful and successful dramatic efforts of modern times. The acting was good on all hands, and we must do the management the justice to say, that the play altogether was produced in a style worthy of a theatre desirous of being considered *national* in something more than the name. An entertainment of this sort makes a theatre rational as well as national; and we trust that the public will so support this return to legitimacy, as to show that all taste for dramatic literature has not been trampled out of it by horses' hoofs.

The press, with one accord, has raised its voice in honour of Mr. Macready's noble performance of *Bertulphe*. We shall content ourselves with cordially echoing that voice. We cannot devote half an *Athenæum* to his praises, and we could not do him justice in less. In these days of slip-slop acting, it is truly gratifying to see an artist come to his task, prepared at all points to illustrate the beauties of his part, and to *make* his effects upon the audience—not *try* them. Mr. Meadows, in the old miser, *Philippe*, showed himself perfectly at home in a new line. His acting was remarkably clever and impressive. The part is little and good, and Mr. Meadows's manner of filling it was worthy of the best days of Covent Garden, when Covent Garden *was* Covent Garden. To Miss Ellen Tree belong the next honours; and the next to Messrs. Warde, Cooper, and Diddear. We should not omit to mention that the minor parts, trifling in themselves, but essential to the success of the play, were most effectively and creditably sustained by every individual concerned. There was not a *slip* among them—and consequently, nothing occurred to interfere with complete and well-merited success. We have seldom known the unanimous applause of an audience more honestly won, or more heartily bestowed.

Since the above notice was written, we have received a copy of 'The Provost of Bruges.' It has reached us too late for extract this week, but we do not regret it, because we have, in the meantime, for our own gratification, witnessed a second representation of the play, and this has not only confirmed the favourable impression which the first made, but convinced us that it is entitled to a second and separate notice.

After the tragedy, a new extravaganza, called 'Frolics in Forty-five,' was brought out. We regret to say, for the sake of the author, who has been on so many occasions a public favourite, that the audience took offence at it early in the second act; and, with true John Bull obstinacy, refused to hear the rest of it distinctly, lest there should be anything to force from them an acknowledgment, that their judgment had been come to prematurely. The consequence was, that, right or wrong, the failure of this was as conspicuous as the success of the tragedy.

Covent Garden.—A new Polish drama, called 'Sigismund Augustus,' founded on a novel written by Alexander Bronikowski, translated by Count Krasinski, and dramatized by Captain Addison-*ski*, was produ*ski* on Saturday last-*ki*. The audience-*ki* were soon of opinion, that the author was done-brown-*ski*; and, after a little applause-*ki*, and much hiss-*ki*, the piece was decidedly damned-*ski*.

Olympic Theatre.—A smart, lively, and unequivocally-successful burletta, written by Mrs. Planché, and called 'A Handsome Husband,' was presented here on Monday evening. With a busy, bustling, little plot, and a succession of good situations, each, in its turn, ignited and exploded by a train of dialogue with considerable fire in it, this piece went pop, bounce, and bang to its conclusion, amidst the laughter and applause of the audience. The principal parts were played by Madame Vestris, Miss Lee, Mrs. Macnamara, Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. F. Vining; and, as a whole, the acting was good, but the first three sentences uttered by Mr. Mathews told us, that the part cried aloud for Mr. Liston, who, if we know anything about acting, would have made an extraordinary sensation in it. We mean no disparagement to Mr. Mathews, who did his best with a part not exactly suited to his peculiar style, but, we are convinced that, whereas, with him, the audience were agitated, with Mr. Liston they would have been convulsed. In the favourite burletta of 'One Hour,' which followed, Mr. Mathews was perfectly *chez lui*.

MISCELLANEA

Fossil Remains.—A sale, which excited considerable interest among zoologists, took place on Wednesday, at Mr. Steven's, King-street, of fossil remains of the Mastodon and Mammoth of the Ohio, and other curious specimens brought from North America. Among the extensive purchasers, were the British Museum, the College of Surgeons, the Bristol Institution, and Lord Cole. Some of the more remarkable lots brought high prices; for one in particular, described in the catalogue as "The Cranium, with two perfect molar teeth, and sockets for two more; length from occiput to end of sockets of tusks, 36 inches, exclusive of portion of socket broken off; diameter across at orbit 13 inches, girth at occiput 57 inches; girth lengthways 83 inches; weight 175 lb, a grand specimen," the British Museum gave 147*l*.

Quicksilver.—A mine of liquid quicksilver has been found in Haute Vienne. In the same spot a vein of gold was supposed to exist, but it was not rich enough to pay for the working.

Prize.—The great physical prize proposed by the French Academy of Sciences for 1837, is to be for the determination, by anatomical and physical researches, what is the mechanism by which the sounds in the voice of man, and vertebrated and invertebrated animals, are produced.

Chinese.—M. Breton, of Nantes, who lived at Pekin for twenty-three years, as major-domo to the Dutch Ambassador stationed there, asserts, that the Chinese and Japanese have long employed steam for working their forges, and their fulling and paper mills.

ADVERTISEMENTS

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 1836.
HILARY TERM EXAMINATIONS.

N.B. The Names of the Successful Candidates in each Rank are arranged, not in order of Merit, but in the order of Standing on the College Books.

SENIOR SOPHISTERS.

HONORS IN SCIENCE—*First Rank*—William Lee, James Glanville. *Second Rank*—Robert Hopkins, Lewis Morgan, Robert Chichester, Leslie Badham.

HONORS IN CLASSICS—*First Rank*—Frederick H. Ringwood, William Wiley, Robert Hopkins. *Second Rank*—John Hallowell, Leslie Badham.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.

HONORS IN SCIENCE—*First Rank*—Mr. Charles Kelly, Henry Connor, Frederick Sidney, John H. Jellett. *Second Rank*—John Weir, Henry Burke, Edward Ovens, Conyngham Ellis, William Roberts, Edmond Meredith, William R. Le Fanu.

HONORS IN CLASSICS—*First Rank*—Henry W. Tibbs, William Roberts, Edmond Meredith, William Ahern. *Second Rank*—Mr. Thomas Francis Torrens, Mr. Andrew Vance, George Francis Hodder, Anthony Daly, John Ogle, John Marchbanks, John Jellett, John Greene, John Littledale, Richard Mills.

SENIOR FRESHMEN.

HONORS IN SCIENCE—*First Rank*—George Kirkpatrick, George Salmon, Joseph Galbraith. *Second Rank*—Mr. John Reid, Conway Dobbs, Matthew White, Archibald Rutherford, Francis M'Gillicuddy, James Sullivan.

HONORS IN CLASSICS—*First Rank*—Mr. Joseph Story, Mr. Hugh Mac Cairnes, John O'Neill, George Salmon, Hugh Law, Thomas Tracey, John Coen. *Second Rank*—Mr. Charles Maud, Mr. Richard Henry Bashe, Nicholas Robert Wrixon, Francis M'Gillicuddy, James Gwynne, John William Loughlin, George Hingston, Lewis G. Sharkey, William F. Black, Robert Benjamin Peebles, Ponsonby Moore, Edward Lowe, Jeremiah Murphy, Thomas Dobbin.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.

HONORS IN SCIENCE—*First Rank*—H. H. G. Mac Donnell, Roger North, William Kirkpatrick, John Henry Richards, Geo. Lee, John Gaggin, Abraham Hume, Francis Kearney. *Second Rank*—Mr. Michael Wood Ryder, Mr. John V. Foster, Mr. Denis Lane, William Minnitt, William Bassett, James Philip Fogarty, Henry Smith, James W. Boyce, Beverley Morris, Francis Ellis.

HONORS IN CLASSICS—*First Rank*—Mr. Samuel Heyman, H. H. G. Mac Donnell, William C. Stackpool, Charles H. Leslie, Cuthbert Collingwood Power, James Smith. *Second Rank*—Mr. Denis Lane, Thomas William Roe, James Hamilton, Pascal Atkinson, Charles Walsh, George Lee, Robert Kidd, Francis Kearney, Timothy Sheehan, Francis King, Charleton Stewart Ralph, David Cangley, Michael Daly.

FRANC. SADLEIR,
Senior Lecturer.

NORTHERN SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS, LEEDS.

Exhibitors and the Public are informed, that the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, will OPEN their GALLERY on the 1st of MAY NEXT; and that Works of Art will be received not later than the 15th of April.

F. T. BILLAM, Hon. Sec.

Gallery of the Northern Society, Leeds,
Feb. 8th, 1836.

All Letters to be addressed "Directors of the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, Leeds."

SCHOOL of DESIGN, for the Education of Artists, and Instruction of Amateurs in the THEORY and PRACTICE of DRAWING and PAINTING; possessing every requisite for the Study of the Human Figure, anatomically, as well as in the Developement of its highest perfection in combination with the Principles of Geometry, Perspective, and other Branches of the Fine Arts.—Terms may be known, and the Gallery and Studii seen, at 6, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, corner of Streathamstreet.—A Vacancy for a Pupil in the House.

MADAME TOURRIER (née von Holst), Professor of the Pianoforte and Singing, respectfully announces that her ACADEMY FOR SINGING in the ITALIAN, GERMAN, and ENGLISH LANGUAGES, will OPEN at her Residence, 158, New Bond-street, on Thursday, the 25th inst.; and that the Instruction will be continued every Monday and Thursday, from 1 to 3.

MONSIEUR TOURRIER, Professor of French and Drawing, has an ACADEMY FOR DRAWING every Wednesday and Thursday, from 3 to 5.

AVIS aux PARENTS et TUTEURS.—Un négociant établi depuis nombre d'années à AMSTERDAM, a ouvert dans sa maison, à un nombre limité de jeunes gens de bonnes familles, destinés au commerce, l'occasion de s'initier sous ses auspices, par théorie et par pratique, dans toutes les sciences du négoce. Il reçoit en outre l'instruction par principes, des langues française, allemande, anglaise et hollandaise, de la correspondance et du calcul mercantile, de la tenue des livres en partie double, de la géographie, de l'histoire, de la physique, des mathématiques, etc. et ont l'occasion de se mettre au fait des affaires courantes du comptoir et du haut commerce en général, à l'étude duquel cette capitale, l'une des premières parmi les villes commerçantes de l'Europe, offre les meilleurs moyens. Les quatre langues mentionnées sont employées alternativement dans la conversation; les élèves sont considérés comme membres de la famille, et le Négociant avec son épouse consacrent tous leurs soins au bien-être moral et physique de leurs élèves, qui sont tenus à l'observation régulière des devoirs de leur religion, à l'ordre le plus strict et à la cultivation des bonnes mœurs.

Les frais d'instruction, de surveillance, nourriture, logement et blanchissage, sont de Cinquante Livres Sterlings par an, dont le quart se paie d'avance par trimestre. Au choix des parents ou tuteurs, les écoliers ont l'occasion de s'appliquer aux langues espagnole, portugaise, italienne, danoise et à des sciences d'agrément, dont les frais sont comptés séparément.

For further particulars and address, apply (if by letter, post paid,) to Messrs. A. H. Baily & Co. Publishers, &c. 83, Cornhill.

MONUMENT in EDINBURGH to SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The Committee appointed to procure plans for a Memorial to be erected in Edinburgh to Sir Walter Scott, will now receive DESIGNS for that object, in which the combination of a Statue with Architecture is indispensable, to be accompanied with an accurate estimate of the total expense, distinguishing the architectural part from the Statue; the cost of the whole not to exceed 5000*l*. Information may be obtained from the Secretary as to the sites which have been more immediately under the consideration of the Committee, but it will be open to Artists to suggest any other. The 1st of September next is the latest date for the reception of Designs, which are to be addressed to Mr. Shene, the Secretary, at the Trustees' Office, 128, George-street, marked "Sir Walter's Monument."

BENTS LITERARY ADVERTISER, No. 372, for FEBRUARY, is now ready, price 7*d*. Published on the 10th day of each month, and supplied, postage free, by all booksellers and newsvenders, price 8*s*. per annum.—London: Robert Bent, publisher, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row.

Sale by Auction.

COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on TUESDAY, Feb. 23rd, and following Day; consisting of

PROOFS and Fine Impressions of Prints by the most eminent Artists, among which are—The Last Supper, after Da Vinci, by Morghen—Virgin and Child, after Raphael, by Morghen, (proof before the letters)—Holy Family, by Longhi—Magdalen, by Longhi—St. Catherine, by Muller—Jerome Napoleon, by Muller, (private plate)—Verbum caro factum, by Garavaglia—Presentation in the Temple, by Perfetti—Charles I. in his Robes, by Strange—The Corsair's Isle, by Lucas—Engravings by Edelinck, Massard, Bettelini, Volpato, Anderloni, Woolett, Bromley, Cousins, &c.—Proof Impressions of Book-Plates and Illustrations of the Annuals—The entire Stock of Impressions of the LARGE FOUR-SHEET VIEW OF LONDON, AFTER HOLLAR, WITH THE LITHOGRAPHED STONES;

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NOTICE is hereby given, that the Dividends to Proprietors for the Half Year ending the 31st day of December, at the rate of 5*l*. per cent. per annum, are now payable at the Company's Office every day, from 10 till 3 o'clock.

This Company continues to effect LIFE INSURANCES at reduced premiums, which may be paid Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Annually, at the option of the Insured; to grant Annuities on single or joint Lives; and to advance Money on Annuity secured on Freehold, Copyhold, or long Leasehold Property, or on Money in the Funds.

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The Bonus declared on the 3rd of July, 1831, attaches to all Policies effected on or before the 31st of December, 1829, and a further Bonus will be declared at the end of 1837, in which all who insure during the present year will be entitled to participate.

DAVID FOGGO, Secretary.

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